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Selections.

DR. BELLOWS ON THE WAR.

[We make the accompanying extracts from the address by Dr. BELLOWS at the Unitarian Annual Convention in Brooklyn, last week.]

OUR ERRORS.

IF I were called on to say what are the weak spots in our political organization and character which the fiery trial of the war has developed or betrayed, I should answer—

1. A want of fit national representatives in Congress, Cabinet bureaus, army, and in all public places—of course with brilliant exceptions—but as a rule. The best heads, hearts and wills are not in public life; and the government, in all its departments, is administered by second-rate persons. And this is due mainly to the influence which the Slave Power has had upon our politics, making political life party life; and party life a mesh of concessions and compromises to which high toned men could not bend themselves. I cannot conceive a more disgraceful and dangerous state of things, in a free country, than that in which politics and political life come to be disreputable pursuits, or in which political ambition is not an honorable and open confession. There is, there can be no secular occupation equal in essential dignity to that of a legislator and statesman. It should be the noblest ambition of our most gifted men to fill these stations. They ought to seek them as they do in England, and even in the South. And the man who allows private interests, or fastidiousness, or any other excuse than incompetency, to keep him from accepting public office at the call of his fellow-men, corrupts the public conscience and forgets the most sacred duty of a good citizen. What a strange thing it is, at a time like this, to have men at the heads of departments and corps, utterly unknown, till they took their present positions, to the country at large, and to be in a perfect quandary of doubt whether these untried men are or are not equal to their situations.

2. A second weakness is the extraordinary absence of any machinery for fixing the responsibility in great public matters. The constitution of our Cabinet is a source of infinite weakness. The heads of departments hold their places at the will of the President. No amount of public distrust, no vote of censure moves them to lay down their power. The whole country may distrust or despise a Secretary, but there he sticks so long as the President chooses to have him. You saw how it worked under Mr. Buchanan, who chose to have thieves and traitors in these places—and the country could not help itself. You see how it works now when no amount of public dissatisfaction stirs a head of department out of his place. It is too much responsibility and care to throw upon the honestest and ablest President. Our Cabinet officers ought to retire on the first expression of Congressional distrust of their competency for their places. Moreover, the present arrangement actually deprives the President of counsellors—for, if his Cabinet do not agree with him, of course he no longer consults them. *He* represents the people's wishes, and if the Cabinet do not they are mere heads of departments, not constitutional advisers.

I suspect, if one really knew how solitary the President was, how little the Cabinet represents or has any policy, or is a consulting body, we should look with amazement at the autocratic position, and with the utmost concern and pity on the solitude in which a President of the United States is placed.

3. A third weakness is the local distribution made of offices high and low, in order to propitiate States and Counties. It is very little understood by the people at large to what an extent this policy is carried, or how it deprives us of the qualifications and talents required for the National officers. If the Northern, the Southern, the Western, the Eastern States are only duly represented in the Cabinet, or on the Supreme Bench, it matters not that the best men in the country are set aside and third-rate persons put into these responsible positions. Every State and County has its number of officers apportioned out with mathematical exactness; and the last thing to be considered is who is the best man for the vacant place. There is not a country in the world which has so little the advantage of its real talent in bureaus and offices as ours; and all owing to this systematic division of the spoils, as one party goes out and another goes in. I wish every State were free to be represented in Congress or Senate by any persons all over the Union whom it chose to send, and that all offices were filled at all times without the least reference to State or County, and with sole reference to competency.

4. The irresponsibleness of the Cabinet to the nation begins an irresponsibleness of bureaus to heads of departments and of officials to heads of bureaus—which is a marked feature of a most terrible weakness—running through the civil and by contagion extending to the military life of the nation. The absence of discipline in the government, from the crown to the base, is the most alarming aspect it presents to my eye. Indeed, that we live along in civil and military affairs without positive ruin—with so little strict accountableness anywhere, with such slack and suspended examination into complaints, with such slow or feeble administration of penalties, with such utter negligence and inertness in the established rules, whether civil or military—is one of the highest proofs of the general good will and good sense of the people, who manage somehow to get along in spite of such a dreadful deficiency.

If anybody imagines this government is perishing of *red tape*, they may abandon their fears. The painted stripes on a barber's pole have as much significance as most of the red tape against which I have run. If all the rules and regulations of the government in all its departments were rigidly enforced; if every tape was blood-red and tightened to its utmost capacity, then one would know where one was, and where accountability was to be placed. But it is a bit of tape here and not a low-string there—a rule enforced to-day and forgotten to-morrow—pressed by this officer and utterly despised by that other (having the same duties)—which makes the dreadful confusion and abortion found in so many of the departments.

How an army, treated as ours is, fails to thaw, dissolve and melt away, I cannot tell, except by remembering the patriotism of our soldiers. But think of the almost total lack of discipline which has marked it—its Major-Generals charged with insubordination, cowardice, treachery, and no court-martials to decide the question—the country ignorant to this day, and the army, too, whether some of its most prominent Generals are patriots or traitors, and drunkards or cowards, or heroes and martyrs! It is in vain to cry want of time in a civil war to maintain discipline. You might as well cry, in a storm, want of time to take in sail. You *must* have discipline. And it would be better to stop three months and court-martial suspected persons and properly charged officers, than to go on without this indispensable condition of all subordination, all order, and all dignity.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ELEMENT.

At the outset of this war all prudent and wise men who know the terrible dangers of anarchy, were concerned that the strife should be carried on for the defence of the Constitution and the Union, and the enforcement of the laws; and certainly that was the only policy on which a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, sworn each of them to uphold and defend the Constitution, *could* carry on the war. Moreover, as the revolt against the government was made because the Constitution had led to an election unfavorable to the prospects of slavery, it was deemed that there could be no better anti-slavery action than to maintain and enforce the Constitution, which, by the natural and honest growth of political power in the free States, had kicked the beam, against even the special advantages peculiar to the South—hitherto making a minority there more than equal to a majority here. I mean consolidation, through one great interest—the three-fifths representation allowed their slaves—and their ability to purchase at all times, by political bribes, a sufficient support at the North to overbalance the political power of the free States. Had there been no war, slavery was already doomed to die, under the very action of that Constitution which for seventy years had given it life. For the Constitution, in itself considered and regarded as a Federal document, is neither pro-slavery nor anti-slavery.

As the Federal power is to pass into the hands of the majority, the Constitution becomes favorable or unfavorable to slavery, according to the character of that majority. When the nation by its constitutional representatives is anti-slavery, then the Constitution becomes so, and not before. It did become so at the last election. To sustain that election, to uphold the President, became the first and most direct policy of the free and loyal States. That policy anticipated no action on the subject of slavery. It was to take care of itself.

I confess that, for one, I anxiously desired the war to take that course. I dreaded an act of emancipation. It seemed to me to be identical with a servile war, in which the slaves themselves would be the greatest sufferers. I wanted to see freedom proclaimed only as we took military possession of the country, and could control the fate of those who were emancipated. But at that time the war had not assumed the magnitude and importance, nor developed the significance it has at present attained, nor had various almost universal delusions been dispersed. There was supposed to be a large Union party under duress at the South, and a large Southern party under similar duress at the North. The war was considered as the result of a conspiracy on the part of Southern politicians to retain Federal power. We were quite uncertain about either our power to raise armies or to support them, as our military organizations and our monetary apparatus were neither of them in running order. We were threatened with foreign intervention and an English war; above all, slavery was supposed to be a dry powder magazine, requiring only a spark to set it in a blaze of universal destruction to the white population. The South, too, had no reputation for constancy, for resources, for manufactures, for power to carry on a long defensive or an offensive war.

SLAVERY THE CHIEF STRENGTH OF THE REBELS.

The whole country was out in all its calculations. Nothing was, as we hoped, feared or asserted. The Abolitionists were wrong in describing slavery as a political tinder-box at home. Instead of the weakness it has proved the chief strength of the enemy. No tendency to insurrections, no infidelity to their masters, no general disposition to welcome our advances have yet been evidenced among the slaves. Nor is there the least reason to think that the proclamation of emancipation—despite that alleged, that wondrous telegraph system, by which the credulous are made to believe that the slaves put to shame our civilized methods of communication, or that immense negro Carbonarism, by which the blacks asserted to be banded and directed—will have any of the perils associated with it in our alarmed imaginations. It is not freedom, but the want of it, that created insurrection; and the educated deference, not to say the educated affection, of the black man for the white, seems to make the white population far safer amid an overwhelming negro race, though free, than any theory had prepared us to anticipate. Then, again, proclaim emancipation as much as you please, you effect it only as you can give those who uphold slavery an argument which has two edges. Immediate proclamation of emancipation is, while a state of rebellion lasts in the South, just as gradual emancipation as any other scheme. The slaves will hold on to their masters till we have hold of their masters, and then we can control both.

HON. HENRY WILSON'S FRATERNITY ADDRESS.

[The following are passages from Mr. WILSON'S opening lecture of the Fraternity Course, Music Hall, Boston, October 7th.]

WHY is it that the land resounds with the measured tread of a million of armed men? Why is it that the Republic trembles with the echoes of battle? Why is it that our bright waters are stained and our green fields reddened with fraternal blood? Why is it that the young men of America, in the pride and bloom of early manhood, are summoned from homes, from the mothers who bore them, from the wives and sisters who love them, to the fields of bloody strife—there to do soldiers' duties, bear soldiers' burdens, and fill soldiers' graves? Why is it that thousands of the men and the women of Christian America are sorrowing with aching hearts and tearful eyes, for the absent, the loved and the lost? Why is it that the heart of loyal America throbs heavily, oppressed with anxiety and gloom for the future of the country?

These crimes against the peace of the country and the life of the nation are all, all to eternize the hateful dominion of man over the souls and bodies of his fellow-men—to make slavery perpetual and its power forever dominant in Christian and republican America. These sacrifices of property, of health, of life—these appalling sorrows and agonies now upon us, are all the inflictions of slavery in its gigantic effort to found a slaveholding empire in America. Yes, slavery is the conspirator who organized this mighty conspiracy against the unity and existence of the Republic. Slavery is the traitor that plunged the nation into the fire and blood and darkness of civil war. Slavery is the criminal whose hands are dripping with the blood of our murdered sons.

Slavery, bold, proud, domineering, with hate in its heart, scorn in its eye, defiance in its mein, has pronounced against the existence of republican institutions in America, against the supremacy of the government, the unity and life of the nation. Slavery, hating the cherished institutions that tend to secure the rights and enlarge the privileges of mankind, despising the toiling masses, as mudsills and white slaves, defying the government, its Constitution, and its laws, has openly pronounced itself the mortal and unappeasable enemy of the Republic. Slavery stands to-day the only clearly pronounced foe our country has on the globe. Therefore, every word spoken, every line written, every act performed that keeps the breath of life, for a moment, in slavery, is against the existence and perpetuity of democratic institutions—against the dignity of the toiling millions of America—against the liberty, the peace, the honor, the renown and the life of the nation. In the lights of to-day that flash upon us from camp and battle-field, the loyal eye, heart and brain of America sees and feels and realizes that THE DEATH OF SLAVERY IS THE LIFE OF THE NATION! The loyal voice of patriotism throughout United America, pronounces in clear accents that AMERICAN SLAVERY MUST DIE THAT THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC MAY LIVE!

[Mr. WILSON then narrates, in detail, the successive steps of the encroachment of slavery in the nation, down to the breaking out of the rebellion. He proceeds as follows:]

* * * * *

When slavery, in the spring of 1861, stained the land with the blood of civil war, the President, by proclamation, summoned the Thirty-seventh Congress to meet on the fourth of July, and at noon on that day Congress assembled to enter upon the mighty task imposed upon it by the national perils. Vacant chairs in both chambers vividly impressed upon the mind the gigantic proportions of the rebellion, and the fearful magnitude of the impending struggle, and inspired the soul with something of awe in the presence of events so transcendent. Few of the chiefs of slavery were present to dominate, seduce or corrupt. The clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis—the erratic, reckless, blustering Toombs—the accomplished, timid, cautious Hunter—the eloquent, polished, insincere Benjamin—the pretentious, pompous Mason—the bold, adroit, unscrupulous Slidell—the dark, cold, bitter Clay—the genial, courteous, fanatical Brown, and their compeers in conspiracy, sedition and treason, plotted their foul, dark and infernal work no longer in the Capitol of the nation. But Breckinridge, the chosen chief of incipient treason, not less guilty than his absent compeers in crime, was present to cavil and criticize, to denounce the acts of loyal patriotism, ere he slunk away to strike at the heart of the country that had trusted and honored him. The chair of Douglas was vacant; life-long opponents gazed sadly upon it, for they gratefully remembered that the closing hours of his crowded life were given to patriotism, to adjuring his devoted followers to cling to the Union, and crush the rebellion with the iron hand of war. Andrew Johnson, baffling the assassins of the Union in Tennessee, was present to cheer and to animate by bold and patriotic councils.

Seldom in the history of nations have statesmen been called to the performance of higher duties than were the men who were summoned, by the Administration they had placed in power, to legislate for a land rent and torn by discord and stained by fraternal blood. They entered with brave hearts and resolved spirits upon the great work imposed upon them, with unsurpassed devotion and tireless industry. The Administration asked for four hundred thousand men and four hundred million of dollars, and Congress promptly gave it five hundred thousand men and five hundred million of dollars. The army and navy were increased, and laws enacted for the organization and government of the military and naval forces, and for supplying the government with the needed means to carry on the war, whose gigantic proportions startled and amazed the world.

Statesmen of the majority in both houses of Congress clearly saw that slavery was not only the cause and the motive power of the rebellion, but that the ceaseless toil of its four million of colored victims enabled treason to fill the ranks, feed and pay its armies. They would quickly strike at the vitals of the insurrection, by confiscating the property of leading rebels, and freeing the slaves of all rebel masters: but prudence demanded they should yield, at least for a time, to the councils of the cautious and the fears of the timid. Slaves were used by rebel armies to erect fortifications, dig trenches and rifle pits, but it was not until after the defeat of Bull Run that a majority could be obtained in Congress to enact that such slaves should be declared free. The timid and the cautious feared that Union men in the Border States would be alarmed by the emancipation of the slaves used to construct works, behind which rebel legions might hurl shot and shell into the bared bosoms of our devoted sons, battling for their country under the old flag. But this measure, denounced by the traitor Breckinridge as "the first of a series of acts loosing all bonds," became the law of the land.

As the rebellion developed its gigantic proportions, as the rebel confederacy manifested its great military power, the loyal masses whose instincts outrun the deductions of statesmen, did not fail to see that slavery was the vital and impelling force of this rebellion, and that it should be crippled by the exercise of all the constitutional and war powers of the government.

[The following is the closing passage, beginning with a reference to the President's proclamation.]

* * * * * *

This decree of emancipation, in rebel States, born of military necessity, proclaimed by the President in the full exercise of war powers, is now the settled and irrepealable law of the nation, to be "observed, obeyed and enforced" by army and navy and by the voice of the nation. The enforcement of this proclamation will give peace and order, freedom and unity to a now distracted country; the failure to enforce it, will bring with it discord and anarchy, a dissevered Union and a broken nation. The issues are clearly and distinctly drawn by this proclamation between law, and order, and freedom and a united nation on the one hand, and anarchy, and discord, and slavery and a shivered and dishonored Union on the other. Freedom, humanity and religion, the unerring voice of patriotism, pronounces all attempts to defeat the enforcement of this proclamation, decreeing the freedom of all slaves in rebel States, as unpatriotic, as criminal, aye, and as treasonable, too, as were the efforts to defeat the final establishment of the Declaration of the 4th July, 1776. The men who sought to defeat the consummation of that "proclamation of the universal emancipation of man from the thraldom of man," sank into obscure and dishonored graves, under the blasting and withering fires of outraged patriotism. The fires of patriotism burn as brightly now as in earlier days, and the men, "who," in the words of a gallant soldier, "emerge from their gloom as the shadows fall upon their country," the men who prate of the constitutional rights of slavery, treason and crime, should remember the fate of the "skulking neutrals," and the sticklers for "rightful authority" in 1776 are joining in giving aid and comfort to the traitor chiefs, who now madly threaten, "upon any attempt being made to execute the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, to 'heist the black flag,' and proclaim a war of extermination, to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." Patriotism instinctively endorses this proclamation of emancipation; treason in every fibre of its being strives with bloody hands to throttle it. In the fiery and bloody struggles through which this proclamation must pass, struggles that will stir this nation to its profoundest depths, patriotism will mark and brand as traitors, were they not cowards, the men who care more for the safety of the slaves of rebel masters than for the blood of brave men fighting the battles of the endangered country—more for the perpetuity of slavery in rebellion than for the unity and perpetuity of the Republic.

Our country is now floating on the stormy waves of civil war. Darkness lowers and tempests threaten. The waves are rising, and foaming and breaking around us and over us with engulfing fury. But amidst the gloom the star of duty casts its clear radiance over the dark and troubled waves, making luminous our pathway. The duty of the hour is as plain to the clear vision of intelligent patriotism, as though it were written in letters of light on the bending arches of the skies. That duty is, with every conception of the brain, every throb of the heart, every aspiration of the soul, by thought, by word and by deed, "to observe, obey and enforce" the wise, far-seeing, patriotic, humane and Christian policy embodied in the proclamation of the 22d of September—to "observe, obey and enforce" that policy, by surrounding the Chief Magistrate, who proclaims it with such men, and such men only, as, by acts and declared opinions, hail and welcome it by crowding the ranks of the armies that are to bear it on the points of their flashing bayonets till the nation shall

——"Hear the bells of cheer
Ring Peace and Freedom in."

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE FIRST NEWS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

AT midnight, on the battle-field, I heard the sound of coming footsteps, and a voice earnest, but almost inaudible, in the distance. Now it grows more distinct, and I hear the cry—"Here's the New York *Times* and *Tribune*, got the President's proclamation freeing the slaves!"

Sweet as the sound of angel voices when they sang to the shepherds of Judea, that voice rang again and again through the silent and slumbering camp. It was once more the annunciation of "Peace on earth—good-will to men!" Seizing the welcome messenger and eagerly perusing the proclamation, I cried, thank God, there is light ahead: there is hope for the country: all hail the *promise* of freedom—if nothing more—to the nation so long scattered, peeled, and trodden down. Henceforward God is on the side of the warring hosts of liberty. The voice of freedom and of justice is the voice of God—and all the people shall cry, "Amen." The good and the just in all lands are, from this hour, pledged to the struggle now waging against aristocracy and slavery on this continent, and "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," have found a new and true expounder. Every soldier's arm shall be nerved with new energy—every heart endowed with fresh courage, for the prayers of good men and of angels shall strengthen him and shield his head in the day of battle.

Unwilling to enjoy the good news alone, I roused one and another, and read to them the proclamation. On a cot near by lay the wasted form of an officer, who sprang up and clapped his hands for joy as he heard the welcome news. I did not at first recognize his voice or features, but coming nearer to him, I discovered it was Col. Clark of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment. After incredible marches, hard-fought battles, and miraculous escapes from death on the field, his regiment reduced to the fragment of what it was, and himself prostrated by incessant fighting, he had fallen exhausted at the camp of Gen. Burnside, and was there waiting the return of his wasted strength. I had not met him since the battle of Newbern, where he bore a most gallant part, and where many of his bravest officers and men fell by his side. He has since participated in all the great battles of the Peninsula, and more recently in those of Virginia, and now he had scarcely a full company left. Yet he rose up with all his wonted energy, and, clapping his hands, thanked God for the proclamation. It would do more good than a dozen battles; would bring to our side, not only the active aid of the millions in bondage, but secure to us the sympathies and moral support of every nation in Europe. Besides, it was in itself a great act of justice. Such was the feeling expressed on the subject by one of the bravest and most elevated champions of the war.

To the majority of officers and men, the proclamation was welcomed as a natural event—one that was certain to follow the continuance of the war, and was therefore not a surprise to any one. It will be acquiesced in even by those who feel little interest in the abstract questions of slavery or anti-slavery. "It serves 'em right; they have been warned long enough, and the President has exhibited rare wisdom and patience in withstanding so long the pressure of different parties upon him. It is a right act, performed at the right time, and will be sustained by the whole army"—were the remarks of most of those I conversed with on the subject. KNOX.

On the field of Antietam.

CHARLES SUMNER AS A STATESMAN.

TWELVE years ago, a revolution in the politics of the Old Bay State, effected by a coalition between the party which had followed as Democrats the standard of Jackson, Van Buren and Cass, and that which as Free Soilers had split off from the Whig ascendency upon the nomination of Gen. Taylor for President, elected George S. Boutwell as Governor of that renowned Commonwealth, and sent Charles Sumner to the United States Senate. It is [illegible] probable that the greater portion of those instrumental in effecting these results had any conception of the magnitude of their far-reaching consequences.

Mr. Sumner, still a young man, son of one who was long Sheriff of the metropolitan County, had been born and reared in Boston without imbibing some of its most cherished "notions." Educated a Whig of the school of John Quincy Adams, he had resisted ardently and on the highest grounds that annexation of Texas to which—or rather to the spirit which impelled and secured that annexation—may be traced all our subsequent national trials and woes. When the Whig party in 1848 selected Gen. Taylor for its Presidential candidate, and refused to endorse the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Sumner, with that numerically few but intellectually and morally strong body of Bostonians who had for some time been distinguished as "Conscience" in contradistinction from "Cotton" Whigs, revolted and united in the Buffalo movement which culminated in the nomination and support of Van Buren and C. F. Adams. The change of base of Mr. Webster on the 7th of March, 1850; the passage of the new compromise measures of that year, including the Fugitive Slave law; the practical adherence thereto of the Whig as well as of the Democratic organization, added strength to the hated and ridiculed "third party," which at length became able to dictate terms to that large minority of the people of Massachusetts which longed to grasp power in the State, but could only do so by the aid of the Free Soil vote. The Constitution of that, as of most New England States, requiring an absolute majority to elect, no Governor was chosen at the election of 1850; but the coalition aforesaid gave the Governor and most of the State officers to the Democrats, and the United States Senator to the Free Soilers. Some of the Democrats long refusing to support Mr. Sumner, his election was barely effected, and only after several fruitless efforts.

Mr. Sumner had hitherto been known rather as a scholar and orator than as a statesman. His distinctive political views were not shared by one-fourth of his fellow-citizens in the State, nor by one-twentieth of the people of the Union. Of the legislators whose votes sent him to the Senate, a majority owed their seats to those who regarded anti-slavery in every form with abhorrence. These he made no attempt to conciliate or cajole. No one was either deceived or bribed into his support. He deprecated no prejudice and placated no hostility. Those who elected him knew exactly what to expect, and have not been disappointed.

Mr. Sumner took his seat in a Senate which had never before been so intensely, all but unanimously, pro-slavery, and wherein he was instinctively regarded by all as "outside of any *healthy* political organization." Other members were more or less decidedly adverse to according any new guarantees to human slavery. He had no other political object than first to check, secondly to cripple, and ultimately to overthrow, the Slave Power. Profoundly convinced that slavery and liberty are incompatible—that the enslavement of any invades and impairs the rights of all—he grappled directly and boldly with the hateful "institution," instead of being content with resisting its aggressions. Slavery, in his view, was not to be reprobated and resisted merely because it sought to encroach upon soil rightfully consecrated to free labor; it encroached because it was essentially vicious, unjust, rapacious and baleful. Others might be satisfied with the restriction or diminution of the area which this deadly Upas might be authorized to blight; he chose to lay the axe to the root of the tree, and to be rid of its pestilential effluvia forever.

Courteous and deferential in his manners, he sincerely desired to maintain the kindest personal relations with those who were to be for years his daily associates and coworkers for the public good; but that was haughtily refused. The Whigs naturally regarded him as one who had assisted and profited by the overthrow of their party in Massachusetts, and who had no business in the seat of Webster, Everett and Winthrop. The Democrats felt bound to show that his election by the vote of their party gave him no claims on their consideration, fellowship or sympathy, and was a precedent not to be followed. Socially as well as politically, in daily intercourse or lack of intercourse, as well as in the arrangement of Committees, they notified him decidedly that hostility to slavery was, in their eyes, a heresy not to be tolerated, an offence not to be pardoned. In neither of the great parties then just entering upon the earlier stages of decay, was there room or welcome for one of *his* decided convictions. Though his ability, his acquirements, his personal worth, were undisputed, he was accorded a place on but one or two of the most insignificant Committees, being regarded in the Senate much as he would have been in some great slave-trader's auction-room in Richmond or New Orleans, had he insisted on sitting there from day to day, and making the freest and least flattering criticisms on the nature and tendencies of the business there transacted. Who then foresaw or imagined that he would one day be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a leader of the majority, and a trusted counsellor of the President? Well might he say, in his recent noble oration in Faneuil Hall, in response to the President's proclamation of freedom, "Thank God that I have lived to see this day!"

The brutal assault wherewith slavery, through her minions Brooks, Keitt and Edmondson, replied to his exposure of the crimes and outrages which had marked her career and illustrated her character in Kansas, was one of the inspirations of the spirited Fremont canvass of 1856, which synchronized with the close of his first term, and reduced to a minimum the opposition to his reelection. The vote in the Legislature was some 333 for, to 20 or 30 against him. The Nebraska bill, the Kansas outrages, the Lecompton fraud, continually swelled and deepened the current of anti-slavery sentiment pervading the free States, until the election of Lincoln, the secession of the cotton States, and ultimately that of most of the border slave States also, completely transformed the Senate, so that, for the last two sessions, and a portion of that preceding them, Mr. Sumner has been in a majority in a body which he entered with scarcely half a dozen compatriots, and has been able to secure the adoption of important measures where he formerly struggled ineffectually to defeat those of his haughty and contemptuous antagonists. Yet none can say that he returns the hate or scorn wherewith he was visited in his days of adversity, nor that his intense condemnation of the crime against humanity now culminating in a gigantic and fiendish rebellion, has rendered him harsh toward those whom a perverted education and a vicious social order have involved in the guilt of treason. On the contrary, his every act and utterance bespeak his consciousness that they are, though erring, still his countrymen, and his anxious, loving aspiration that the devil now rending the South should make haste to go out of her, leaving her once more docile to the monitions of reason, of conscience, and of patriotism.

Mr. Sumner's second term expiring with the present Congress, it was inevitable that those who are rebuked by his course and mortified by the consideration he has so nobly won, should make a desperate effort to supplant him. The only danger apprehended by his friends was that of a still-hunt—of surprise—of the election by secret concert and underhand management of legislators who would profess to be unpledged and open to conviction, while really in the councils and under the control of his deadly enemies. This was, however, averted, and the Republican State Convention, which was held at Worcester on the 10th ult., put its heel emphatically on all attempts to elect an anti-Sumner Legislature, on the false pretense that it was an unpledged one. The subsequent calling of a "People's Convention," and the nomination of Gen. Devens for Governor, was a tribute to the character and influence of their Senator of which his friends have a right to feel proud. For the first time in our political history, a party has been organized and a State ticket nominated for the sole purpose of defeating the reelection of one who is not a State officer, and never aspired to be. Gov. Andrew is regarded with a hostility intensified by the fewness of those who feel it; but the bitterness with which Mr. Sumner is hated insists on the gratification of a canvass, even though a hopeless one; and, since there was no existing party by which this could be attempted without manifest futility, one was organized for the purpose. And it was best that this should be. Let us have a census of the friends and the enemies of Mr. Sumner in the State which he has so honored!

I have said that, while other Senators have shared his convictions, none has seemed so emphatically, so eminently, as he to embody and represent the growing, deepening, Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country. None has seemed so invariably to realize that a public wrong is a public danger—that injustice to the humblest and weakest is peril to the well-being of all. Others have seemed to regard the recent developments of disunion and treason with surprise and alarm; he has esteemed them the bitter but natural fruit of the deadly tree we have so long been watering and cherishing. The profound yet simple truth that "RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation"—that nothing else is so baleful as injustice—that the country which gains a large accession of territory or of wealth at the cost of violating the least little of the canons of eternal rectitude, has therein made a ruinous mistake—that nothing else can be so important or so profitable as stern uprightness—such is the key-note of his lofty and beneficent career. May it be vouchsafed him to announce from his seat in the Senate the final overthrow of the demon he has so faithfully, so nobly resisted; and that from Greenland to Panama, from the St. John to the Pacific, the sun in his daily course looks down on no master and no slave!—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

IN so many arid forms which States incrust themselves with, once in a century, if so often, a poetic act and record occur. These are the jets of thought into affairs, when, roused by danger or inspired by genius, the political leaders of the day break the else insurmountable routine of class and local legislation, and take a step forward in the direction of catholic and universal interests. Every step in the history of political liberty is a sally of the human mind into the untried future, and has the interest of genius, and is fruitful in heroic anecdotes. Liberty is a slow fruit. It comes, like religion, for short periods, and in rare conditions, as if awaiting a culture of the race which shall make it organic and permanent. Such moments of expansion in modern history were the confession of Augsburg, the plantation of America, the English Commonwealth of 1648, the Declaration of American Independence in 1776, the British emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, the passage of the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Magnetic Ocean-Telegraph, though yet imperfect, the passage of the Homestead Bill in the last Congress, and now eminently, President Lincoln's proclamation on the twenty-second of September. These are acts of great scope, working on a long future, and on permanent interests, and honoring alike those who initiate and those who receive them. These measures provoke no noisy joy, but are received into a sympathy so deep as to apprise us that mankind are greater and better than we know. At such times it appears as if a new public were created to greet the new event. It is as when an orator, having ended the compliments and pleasantries with which he conciliated attention, and having run over the superficial fitness and commodities of the measure he urges, suddenly, lending himself to some happy inspiration, announces with vibrating voice the grand human principles involved,—the bravoes and wits who greeted him loudly thus far are surprised and overawed: a new audience is found in the heart of the assembly,—an audience hitherto passive and unconcerned, now at last so searched and kindled that they come forward, every one a representative of mankind, standing for all nationalities.

The extreme moderation with which the President advanced to his design,—his long-avowed expectant policy, as if he chose to be strictly the executive of the best public sentiment of the country, waiting only till it should be unmistakably pronounced,—so fair a mind that none ever listened so patiently to such extreme varieties of opinion,—so reticent that his decision has taken all parties by surprise, whilst yet it is the just sequel of his prior acts,—the firm tone in which he announces it, without inflation or surplusage,—all these have bespoken such favor to the act, that, great as the popularity of the President has been, we are beginning to think that we have underestimated the capacity and virtue which the Divine Providence has made an instrument of benefit so vast. He has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man. He is well entitled to the most indulgent construction. Forget all that we thought shortcomings, every mistake, every delay. In the extreme embarrassments of his part, call these endurance, wisdom, magnanimity, illuminated, as they now are, by this dazzling success.

When we consider the immense opposition that has been neutralized or converted by the progress of the war (for it is not long since the President anticipated the resignation of a large number of officers in the army, and the secession of three States, on the promulgation of this policy)—when we see how the great stake which foreign nations hold in our affairs has recently brought every European power as a client into this court, and it became every day more apparent what gigantic and what remote interests were to be affected by the decision of the President—one can hardly say the deliberation was too long. Against all timorous counsels he had the courage to seize the moment; and such was his position, and such the felicity attending the action, that he has replaced government in the good graces of mankind. "Better is virtue in the sovereign than plenty in the season," say the Chinese. 'Tis wonderful what power is, and how ill it is used, and how its ill use makes life mean, and the sunshine dark. Life in America had lost much of its attraction in the later years. The virtues of a good magistrate undo a world of mischief, and, because nature works with rectitude, seem vastly more potent than the acts of bad governors, which are ever tempered by the good nature in the people, and the incessant resistance which fraud and violence encounter. The acts of good governors work at a geometrical ratio, as one midsummer day seems to repair the damage of a year of war.

A day which most of us dared not hope to see, an event worth the dreadful war, worth its costs and uncertainties, seems now to be close before us. October, November, December will have passed over beating hearts and plotting brains: then the hour will strike, and all men of African descent who have faculty enough to find their way to our lines are assured of the protection of American law.

It is by no means necessary that this measure should be suddenly marked by any signal results on the negroes or on the rebel masters. The force of the act is that it commits the country to this justice—that it compels the innumerable officers, civil, military, naval, of the Republic to range themselves on the line of this equity. It draws the fashion to this side. It is not a measure that admits of being taken back. Done, it cannot be undone by a new Administration. For slavery overpowers the disgust of the moral sentiment only through immemorial usage. It cannot be introduced as an improvement of the nineteenth century. This act makes that the lives of our heroes have not been sacrificed in vain. It makes a victory of our defeats. Our hurts are healed; the health of the nation is repaired. With a victory like this, we can stand many disasters. It does not promise the redemption of the black race: that lies not with us; but it relieves it of our opposition. The President by this act has paroled all the slaves in America; they will no more fight against us; and it relieves our race once for all of its crime and false position. The first condition of success is secured in putting ourselves right. We have recovered ourselves from our false position, and planted ourselves on a law of nature.

"If that fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

The government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world: every spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honor, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations, all rally to its support.

Of course, we are assuming the firmness of the policy thus declared. It must not be a paper proclamation. We confide that Mr. Lincoln is in earnest, and, as he has been slow in making up his mind, has resisted the importunacy of parties and of events to the latest moment, he will be as absolute in his adhesion. Not only will he repeat and follow up his stroke, but the nation will add its irresistible strength. If the ruler has duties, so has the citizen. In times like these, when the nation is imperilled, what man can, without shame, receive good news from day to day, without giving good news of himself? What right has any one to read in the journals tidings of victories, if he has not bought them by his own valor, treasure, personal sacrifice, or by service as good in his own department? With this blot removed from our national honor, this heavy load lifted off the national heart, we shall not fear henceforward to show our faces among mankind. We shall cease to be hypocrites and pretenders, but what we have styled our free institutions will be such.

In the light of this event, the public distress begins to be removed. What if the brokers' quotations show our stocks discredited, and the gold dollar costs one hundred and twenty-seven cents? These tables are fallacious. Every acre in the free States gained substantial value on the twenty-second of September. The cause of disunion and war has been reached, and begun to be removed. Every man's house-lot and garden are relieved of the malaria which the purest winds and the strongest sunshine could not penetrate and purge. The territory of the Union shines to-day with a lustre which every European emigrant can discern from far: a sign of inmost security and permanence. Is it feared that taxes will check immigration? That depends on what the taxes are spent for. If they go to fill up this yawning Dismal Swamp, which engulphed armies and populations, and created plague, and neutralized hitherto all the vast capabilities of this continent, then this taxation, which makes the land wholesome and habitable, and will draw all men unto it, is the best investment in which property-holder ever lodged his earnings.

Whilst we have pointed out the opportuneness of the proclamation, it remains to be said that the President had no choice. He might look wistfully for what variety of courses lay open to him; every line but one was closed up with fire. This one, too, bristled with danger, but through it was the sole safety. The measure he has adopted was imperative. It is wonderful to see the unseasonable senility of what is called the Peace party, through all its masks, blinding their eyes to the main feature of the war—namely, its inevitableness. The war existed long before the cannonade of Sumter, and could not be postponed. It might have begun otherwise or elsewhere, but war was in the minds and bones of the combatants; it was written on the iron leaf, and you might as easily dodge gravitation. If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the rebels, the divided sentiment of the Border States made peaceable secession impossible, the insatiable temper of the South made it impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever the border might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire. Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington, and they would have assumed the army and navy, and, through these, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large in that event as it is now. The war was formidable, but could not be avoided. The war was and is an immense mischief, but brought with it the immense benefit of drawing a line, and rallying the free States to fix it impassably—preventing the whole force of Southern connection and influence throughout the North from distracting every city with endless confusion; detaching that force and reducing it to handfuls, and, in the progress of hostilities, disinfecting us of our habitual proclivity, through the affection of trade and the traditions of the Democratic party, to follow Southern leading.

These necessities which have dictated the conduct of the Federal government are overlooked, especially by our foreign critics. The popular statement of the opponents of the war abroad is the impossibility of our success. "If you could add," say they, "to your strength the whole army of England, of France, and of Austria, you could not coerce eight million of people to come under this government against their will." This is an odd thing for an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Austrian to say, who remembers the Europe of the last seventy years—the condition of Italy, until 1859—of Poland, since 1793—of France—of French Algiers—of British Ireland, and British India. But, granting the truth, rightly read, of the historical aphorism, that "the people always conquer," it is to be noted that in the Southern States, the tenure of land, and the local laws, with slavery, give the social system not a democratic but an aristocratic complexion; and these States have shown every year a more hostile and aggressive temper, until the instinct of self-preservation forced us into the war. And the aim of the war on our part is indicated by the aim of the President's proclamation—namely, to break up the false combination of Southern society, to destroy the piratic feature in it which makes it our enemy only as it is the enemy of the human race, and so allow its reconstruction on a just and healthful basis. Then new affinities will act, the old repulsions will cease, and, the cause of war being removed, nature and trade may be trusted to establish a lasting peace.

We think we cannot overstate the wisdom and benefit of this act of the government. The malignant cry of the secession press within the free States, and the recent action of the Confederate Congress, are decisive as to its efficiency and correctness of aim. Not less so is the silent joy which has greeted it in all generous hearts, and the new hope it has breathed into the world.

It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves, until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old who see nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die: hold them back to this world until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.

"Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

Meantime, that ill-fated, much-injured race which the proclamation respects will lose somewhat of the dejection sculptured for ages in their bronzed countenance, uttered in the wailing of their plaintive music—a race naturally benevolent, joyous, docile, industrious, and whose very miseries sprung from their great talent for usefulness, which, in a more moral age, will not only defend their independence, but will give them a rank among nations.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson, in The Atlantic Monthly for November.*

FREE AND EASY VIRTUE.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN does not shine as a moralist. In his speech at the Cooper Institute he said, by way of enforcing his proposition to "let the Union slide"—to let Davis and his confederates "go in peace":

"I say they have no right to go. It is a wanton and wicked attempt on their part, in defiance of the Constitution and the law, peaceably to secede from the Union; but if they, after due reflection, think it desirable to form a Confederacy of their own, I should feel in regard to it very much as I should if I had a wife who told me she was going to leave. I would say to her, You cannot go according to law. You can make me mighty uncomfortable if you stay; you had better think this thing all over before you set out, and if, upon mature reflection (though there is no law under heaven authorizing you to go), Peter or Thomas, whoever it was, will pack your trunk, stop at some lawyer's as you go down street, and find out how we can get apart at the least possible expense, and go. I had rather pack your trunk myself than to have you stay if you want to go."

Now this may be the way in which Mr. Van Buren would act, but it is certainly not the course which Christian and moral men would recommend; it is not the course which society has prescribed. It has, on the contrary, stamped such loose conduct with its strongest disapprobation; it recommends fidelity to vows which, not only for the interest of the persons themselves, and of their offspring, but more especially for the interests of society at large, are made irrevocable. "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

Society, made up of virtuous and Christian men and women, would recommend a different course. *If, for instance, to follow out Mr. Van Buren's illustration, the disagreement between husband and wife was*

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concerning the servant; if it arose because the man desired to employ a free man, and the woman a slave, society would probably suggest that the easiest way to adjust the dispute and remove its cause would be to destroy slavery. That done, there would be no more cause for disagreement.

This kind of free conjunction and free separation, recommended by Mr. Van Buren, may perhaps suit his tastes; but the American people, composed of honest and Christian men and women, will prefer a more regular system.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GEN. PRENTISS'S NARRATIVE,

Showing, among other things, how his half-year's imprisonment turned him into an Anti-Slavery man.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Oct. 17, 1862.

GEN. B. M. PRENTISS of Illinois was serenaded this evening at Willard's Hotel, and spoke as follows:

MY FRIENDS: This ovation, if intended for me, is a high compliment, for which I thank you. As a soldier, permit me to say, if it is your pleasure, it is my will to recount to you some of the scenes through which I have passed with my fellow-officers in captivity in the "Land of Dixie" (cries of "That's what we want"). In doing so, my friends, permit me to say, that I may use some harsh language. If I do, don't blame me, for I have cause. For six long months I have been kept in close confinement by those demons of the South. Permit me to commence with my capture on the 6th of April last on the field of Shiloh, at 5 o'clock in the morning, with those officers that were afterward in captivity with me. We were fighting the enemies of this government. We continued to fight them until fifteen minutes of six in the evening, when, being completely enveloped by the entire rebel force, we had to succumb, and it was a bitter moment for us. It was on that field that I beheld Illinoisans, Iowans, Missourians, and some from Indiana, battling for their country. It was there that I saw the noble Stars and Stripes trailed in the dust by these demons of the South. Yet, after having been persecuted during my entire captivity, I come home to the North, and am told that there are men with us not willing to sustain the government. Let me say to you as a soldier, as a man, as a loyal citizen, if you have traitors among you, send them South (cheers, and cries of "Good," "good"). I trust it is not so. I trust you have not got them at the North. I go on an early train to the West as an officer. It is not my duty to assail persons, but that man who is not willing to defend his government at this hour of trial is my enemy (loud cheers). And I claim the privilege everywhere of assailing him (applause, and cries of "Bully for you"). My friends, I was taken at Shiloh with 2,200 others, brave and gallant men. We were marched the day after our capture, both wounded and well soldiers (some 300 of them badly wounded), a distance of twenty-two miles without food, they having taken their last meal on the morning of that fight. We were marched to Corinth, placed in box cars, all together, and sent to Memphis, arriving there on Tuesday night. Twenty-two hundred of these men were placed in one building. After I had plead and begged that they might have provisions, I went into the hall, called the Colonel commanding the post, and told him that these men had been without provisions from Sunday until Wednesday morning. None could be furnished. Perceiving the goddess of Liberty painted upon the end of the hall, I said to them, "Soldiers, arise to your feet." The poor men were lying upon the floor. They got up, and every one of them joined in singing in one grand chorus the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." An immense assembly of people came flocking around the building. After we had taken our position in the train for the South at 10 o'clock that day, having received only a few hard biscuits from the Southern Confederacy, women, yes, loyal ladies of Memphis, furnished us something to eat. Had we depended upon the men there, your soldiers would have suffered longer. As the cars were leaving, the ladies would step up to the windows and throw us bread, meat and crackers, as we were passing, which they had purchased themselves. We were taken next to Jackson. The passenger train which preceded us had given notice to the citizens that several thousand Yankee prisoners would arrive that day. We were kept on the track on Wednesday night so as to be taken into Jackson by daylight. Citizens had assembled at the depot, and great cheering was heard upon our arrival. The question was asked, "How many are there of you?" Twenty-two hundred and twenty-nine, I replied. "Well, seven thousand of you devils went into Memphis on Tuesday night," was the response. We were taken the next day to Meridian, Miss., where we were paraded again as a menagerie on the street. "How many Yankees have you got?" says a citizen to the conductor. Twenty-two hundred and twenty-nine was the answer. "That's right, seven thousand in Memphis, twenty-five hundred in Jackson, and twenty-two hundred here to-day—pretty good haul." Mobile was our next stopping-place, where an immense concourse witnessed the arrival of "Live Yankees." "How many have you on board?" "About two thousand." "Glorious haul for Shiloh. Hurrah for Beauregard! Two thousand shipped to Meridian and placed in quarters there yesterday; seven thousand at Memphis, two thousand at Jackson, and now two thousand here. Pretty good haul for Shiloh." Wherever the train stopped people ran to see the Yankees, and the same sort of arithmetic went on. They manifested a great desire to see a live Yankee General. Some of the many stories these people have published concerning me were true, for I was a little saucy for a prisoner. I used to go to the window to show myself. Every now and then I found a Union man, and began to give him instructions what to do. The Colonel in charge, seeing me so conversing, would exclaim, "Take your head in; you must not talk with these men." "Sir," I replied, "I have fought for my country. I am a live Yankee. You have the power to punish, but God alone can stop this tongue from wagging" (applause and laughter). At Mobile we were placed on transports, and there for the first time learned that we were to be separated from the private soldiers. They were sent to the prisons of Alabama. At Tuscaloosa, I learned that we officers had to go to Talladega. Having in my possession from Col. Jordan, an Aid to Gen. Beauregard, who, permit me to say here to-night, and you may herald it throughout this country, is the only man wearing a secesh uniform that I have received the least particle of courtesy from since I have been with them, drew me aside (cries, "What is his name?" "What is his name?") His name is Col. Jordan, Assistant Adjutant-General of Gen. Beauregard. That man had given me a letter to his brother at Mobile to assist me if I needed food. He also wrote to Gen. Jones, commandant there, authorizing him to parole me if I wished. I went with that letter to the head-quarters of Gen. Jones, who, by the way, is a renegade Yankee. I extended my hand. He said, "No, sir," and bowed me to a seat. I said, "No, sir," and asked him to proceed to business. While the Adjutant-General was writing my parole out, I talked with Gen. Jones so plainly that he began to respect me, when the Adjutant handed me my parole, and bid me good bye, Jones arose and extended his hand. I said, "No, sir," and bowed. I went up the Alabama river. No accommodations for the officers, but we were told that we were to be treated as gentlemen. We knew enough not to be disappointed. We were sent to Talladega, in Northern Alabama, which is a very healthy and pleasant locality (Voice—"Not for the Yankees, however")—and there I met Lieut.-Col. Hurnley, a renegade Illinoisian, who said: "General, have you any Chicago men in your crowd?" "Yes, sir, we have; the officers of one regiment—the 58th Illinois." He said: "I, too, once lived in Chicago; but I was compelled to leave there, because I was persecuted for my sentiments. I could not go with the Abolitionists, and I could not sustain your government because it was so corrupt." "Yes, sir," I responded, "you were no doubt compelled to leave because you were guilty of some crime for which you feared an arrest" (laughter). I asked a special favor of that gentleman that he would not approach us again and trouble us by his presence. We remained a week at Talladega. Three 115 of us were confined in a room 30 by 50 feet, well ventilated, but secesh soldiers had been quartered there. It was a lively place, I assure you; our rations were a quarter of a pound of musty bacon and a piece of corn bread, said to be the Southern soldiers' rations. We were soon sent to Selma, where we were put in charge of Col. Kent. If you ever see Kent, serve him as he served us. I cannot advocate a war of extermination, but a record is made. If this persecutor of me and the other officers falls into my hands, he shall suffer as we suffered. He attempted to torture me about my son, who, he said, had been taken and hung as a spy, if their papers could be believed. But I had a paper in my pocket to give him the lie with, and this is how I got the paper: A lady was passing in the street beneath the window. She had passed several times before, and had attracted the attention of the officers confined; some of them suggested that she was a Union lady. We tore off one of the curtains which hung in the hotel where we were imprisoned, and in large letters wrote on it with chalk, "God bless the prisoners' friend." She nodded assent, and bowed to us when we showed it. She went to a house some 150 yards distant, and I sent a negro boy who cooked in the kitchen (and let me tell you that they are the best Union men in the South). (Loud applause. Voice—"That's what you are fighting for.") *Yes, sir, I am fighting for the freedom of every man on earth* (cries of "God bless you," and loud applause). I sent him, the negro, to the house where this lady went, for a pitcher of milk. When he reached there, I observed her take a newspaper out of her pocket and place it in the pitcher which she had already filled with milk. We were two months at Selma. At Montgomery, whither we were taken—now listen—our bread at Montgomery was made of corn and cobs ground up together. The Richmond and Columbia prisons are palaces as compared with those at Tuscaloosa, Talladega, Madison and Montgomery. Before we left Montgomery for Atlanta, I asked the privilege of visiting our hospitals, where I found a hundred gallant men who had fought with me at Shiloh without nurses, medicines or clothing. They cried as I entered, and I cried with them. I found some good Union women, from whom I borrowed money for these poor men. Arriving at Atlanta, we noticed a procession coming up the street, consisting of two or three wagons. We could not make out what it meant. We had heard of their hanging and lynching Union men, but we did not suspect that this procession had anything to do with a matter of this kind. But we afterward learned the sad facts. Eight privates of an Ohio regiment were hung at Atlanta. They had been sent by Gen. Mitchel to do a little work on the railroad and telegraph lines of Alabama. Coming back, they unfortunately forgot to cut the telegraph lines, by the use of which a force was ordered from Chattanooga to intercept them. The gallant Ohioans were whiling away their leisure hours in prison with a game of euchre when the guard led them out to be hung. What do you think, Mr. Rebel Sympathizer, of Southern chivalry now? (A Voice—"D—d poor stuff!") I think so. I think I speak the sentiments of 232 commissioned officers, and also the privates who were taken with me at Shiloh, when *I tell you that we are not any longer ashamed of being called negro sympathizers* (cries of "Good, good," and prolonged applause). *We are not afraid of the cry of Abolitionists* ("Good," and cries of "No, not now," and applause). We are not afraid of any cry. We will take by the hand each man as a brother who will fight for and defend his government. We despise altogether every man who refuses aid and comfort to his government, in this time of our danger. The rebels are determined. It is a perfect reign of terror in the South. I have found Union men bearing arms against our government. Let me tell you who are afraid of the cry of Abolitionism. The white race in the South are to-day more in the condition of slaves than ever were the blacks before this war commenced. White men, free, intelligent, educated, dare not say that they will part with this government—dare not find fault with the leaders in public. They have more men in the field than the people of the North imagine, fight better than they have credit for doing, because their cause is desperate, and because they are in earnest. My friends, go to work and persuade your officers and men that it is time for them to fight without gloves (loud applause). In Richmond I met an old schoolmate, the second renegade from Illinois, named Warner, who is Quartermaster there, and takes charge of the prisoners; and I have $100 in my possession which he handed me, with the request to deliver it to his family, now residing in Illinois. Being a Yankee, I would lead them into conversation concerning the war. They always said, "You never can conquer us; we shall whip you." After hearing them a while, I directed their attention to Lincoln's proclamation. "That proclamation you never can enforce. It will be the ruin of you." I replied: "*Why do you find fault with it if you are going to whip us?*" *I find this, and I want to say it boldly, and have it proclaimed everywhere, that more than all the battles that have been fought, more than all that has been said and done, Lincoln's proclamation is ending the rebellion* (loud and prolonged applause).

MR. SUMNER'S CATTLE-SHOW SPEECH.

[At the dinner of the Hampshire County Agricultural Society at Northampton, Hon. CHARLES SUMNER made the following remarks:]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot forget the first time that I looked upon this beautiful valley, where river, meadow and hill, each contribute to the charm. It was while I was a youth in college. With several of my classmates, I made a pedestrian excursion, as it was called, through Massachusetts. Starting from Cambridge we went by way of Sterling and Barre, and arrived at Amherst weary and footsore, where we refreshed ourselves by prayer in the College Chapel. From Amherst we walked to Northampton, and without delay, ascending Mount Holyoke, we saw the valley of the Connecticut spread out before us, with its river of silver winding through its meadows of gold. It was a scene of enchantment, of which time has not weakened the impression. From Northampton we walked to Deerfield, where we slept near Bloody Brook, and then to Greenfield, where we turned off by Coleraine, through dark woods and over hills, to Bennington in Vermont. The whole excursion was deeply interesting, but no part more so than your valley. Since then I have been a traveller at home and abroad; but I know of no similar scene of greater beauty. I have seen the meadows of Lombardy: and those historic rivers, the Rhine and the Arno, and that stream of Charente which Henry IV. called the most beautiful of France, also those Scottish rivers so famous in legend and song; and the exquisite fields and sparkling waters in lower Austria; but my youthful joy in the scene which I witnessed from the neighboring hill-top has never been surpassed in any kindred scene. Other places are richer in the associations of history; but you have enough already in what nature has done, without waiting for any further illustration.

It is a saying of antiquity, often quoted, "Fortunate husbandmen, if they only knew the good they have." To no husbandmen can these words be more applicable than to those of this neighborhood, where nature has done so much, and where all that nature has done is enhanced by the advantage derived from an intelligent and liberal spirit. An eminent French writer, one of the greatest of his country, who wrote in the middle of the last century, when France was a despotism—Montesquieu—has remarked in his Spirit of Laws that countries are not cultivated on account of their fertility but on account of their liberty. A beautiful truth. But here in this valley I find both. Where is there greater fertility? Where is there a truer liberty? If the farmers of our country needed anything to stimulate pride in their vocation it would be found in the statistics furnished by the census of the United States. That of 1860 is not yet prepared, and I go back to that of 1850. According to this census, it appears that, out of the whole population of the United States over fifteen years of age, two million four hundred thousand, or 44 per cent., were engaged in agricultural pursuits, while the total number engaged in commerce, trade, manufactures, mechanic arts and mining, was only one million six hundred thousand, or about 30 per cent. These figures show an immense predominance of the agricultural interest in the whole country. Of course in Massachusetts the commercial and manufacturing interests are relatively larger than in other parts of the country. But our farmers are numerous.

This same census shows that in 1850 the four largest staples of our country, ranking them according to their nominal value, were: Indian Corn, $296,000,000; Hay, $138,000,000; Wheat, $96,000,000; Cotton, $18,000,000. These figures, of course, are familiar; but they are so instructive that they will bear repetition. Besides illustrating the magnitude of our agricultural interests, they give new light on the pretentions that have been made for King Cotton. Neither wheat, or hay, or Indian corn have been crowned, and yet they all stand above cotton. But the whole table testifies to the power of the farmer.

From another quarter we have statistics showing how agricultural pursuits favor longevity. It appears that out of 1,700 persons the average life of farmers was 45 years; of merchants, 33 years; of mechanics, 29 years; and of laborers 27 years. Thus length of days seems to be an agricultural product.

But gratifying as it may be to glance at agriculture in these statistics, which must arouse the pride if not the content of the farmer, there are other aspects, which to my mind are more interesting. In early days agriculture was only an art, most imperfectly developed. The plough of the ancient husbandman was little more than a pole with a stick at the end by which the earth was scratched, and other implements were of a kindred simplicity. As for the knowledge employed, it was all of the most superficial character. But agriculture is now not only an art, in a high degree of perfection, but it is also a science, with its laws and rules, as much as navigation or astronomy. There is no knowledge which will not help the farmer; especially is there no branch of science. Geography, geology, meteorology, botany, chemistry, zoology and animal physiology will all contribute. It is when we regard agriculture in this light that we give to the farmer a high standard of excellence. In the cultivation of the earth he practices an art and he pursues a science. But human character is elevated by the standard which is followed.

There is another feature in the life of the farmer which is to me more interesting still. The farmer is patriotic and liberal. Dependent upon nature, he learns to be independent of man. If not less than others under the influence of local prejudices, he is at least removed from those combinations which are engendered by the spirit of trade. He thinks for himself and acts for his country. I do not venture to say that he is naturally a reformer; but I think the experience of our country attests that he does not set himself against the ideas of the age.

There are men who plant themselves on the ancient ways, and rarely exalt all that has been done by our ancestors as beyond addition or amendment. They are well described in the early verse:

> "Some there be that do defye
> All that is new, and ever do crye
> The old is better; away with the new,
> Because it is false and the old is true."

And again they are described in the conversation between two eminent English ecclesiastics. "Brother of Winchester," said Cranmer, to Lord Chancellor Gardner, "you like nothing new unless you be yourself the author of it." "Your Grace wrongeth me," replied the hard conservative, "I have never yet been author of any one new thing, for which I thank my God." Men of this stamp there doubtless are among us, but very few, I rejoice to believe, among farmers, who believe that our duty can be best accomplished by standing still. For myself, I believe that it can be completely done only by an incessant advance in all things—in knowledge, in science, in art, and lastly in government itself, destined to be the bright consummation on earth of all knowledge, all science and all art.

And now, since I have made these allusions, allow me to go one step further. There is no change so reasonable, or so necessary as not to provoke opposition. When Sir Samuel Romilley proposed to abolish the punishment of death for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, the Commons of England consulted certain officials of the law who assured the House that such an innovation would endanger the whole criminal law of the land! And when this illustrious reformer and model lawyer (for of all men in the history of the English law, Romilley is most truly the model lawyer) afterward proposed to abolish the obscene punishment for high treason, requiring the offender to be drawn and quartered, and his bowels to be thrown into his face while yet his body palpitated with life, the Attorney General of the day, in opposing this humane amendment, asked, "Are the safeguards, the ancient landmarks, the bulwarks of the Constitution to be thus hastily removed?" Which gave occasion to the appropriate exclamation in reply: "What! to throw the bowels of an offender into his face one of the safeguards of the British Constitution! I ought to confess that until this night I was wholly ignorant of this bulwark." Thus were these beneficent efforts opposed.

I rejoice to believe that there is no such hide-bound indifference to liberal ideas among our farmers. But just in proportion as the farmers are numerous, intelligent, powerful and liberal, do they constitute an arm of strength to our country. Pardon me if now more than ever I see them in this character; when I appeal to them for the sake of our country, I make no appeal inconsistent with the proprieties of this occasion. Our country is in peril and it must be saved. This is enough. Under God our country will be saved through the united energy, the will unimpaired vigor of the people directed by the President of the United States. Our first duty is to stand by the President, and to hold up his hands. There must be no hesitation or timidity. If he calls for troops he must have them. If, besides calling for troops, he enlists other agencies for the suppression of the rebellion, he must be sustained precisely as in calling for troops.

Thus far the main dependence has been upon troops to which our honored Commonwealth has made generous contributions. No part of the country has suffered more in gallant officers, youthful and highly instructed, than Massachusetts. This neighborhood has its story of sorrow. Amherst has buried the pure and patriotic Stearns, and only within a few days here in Northampton, you have received from the field of death the brave and accomplished Baker.

And now at last a new agency is invoked. I refer, of course, to the recent proclamation of the President.

Mr. Sumner here explained the immediate and prospective effects of the proclamation, and then closed as follows:

It is sometimes said that this edict is unconstitutional. There are some persons with whom the Constitution is a constant stumbling-block wherever anything is to be done for freedom. This cannot be the case, I think, with the liberal farmers of this valley. Of course this edict of emancipation is to be regarded as a war measure made in the exercise of the rights of war. It is as much a war measure as the proclamation calling forth the troops, and is entitled to the same support. It is not a measure of abolition, or anti-slavery, or of philanthropy; but a war measure, pure and simple. If there be any person disposed to discourage it, I warn him that *he departs from the duties of patriotism, hardly less than if he discouraged enlistments.* There is but one course now before us. The policy of emancipation, at last adopted as a war measure, must be sustained precisely as you sustain an army in the field. With this new and sublime agency I cannot doubt the result. The rebellion will be crushed, and our country will be elevated to heights of power and grandeur where it will be an example to mankind. It is related of the Emperor Julian, known as the Apostate, for he had once embraced Christianity, that, perishing before he had struck the last blows prepared by his hatred to Christianity, he looked at the blood which spirted from his side and then cried, "Galilean, thou hast conquered." Such a cry will yet be heard from the apostate chiefs in our rebel States, "Liberty, thou hast conquered"; and the echo of this cry will be heard round the globe.

In conclusion I offer the following sentiment:

The Valley of the Connecticut. Happy in its fertility and also in its beauty; happier still in that inspiration of liberty which is better than fertility or beauty.

GENERAL MITCHEL SPEAKING TO THE CONTRABANDS.

[The following is a speech by Gen. MITCHEL to a school of contrabands at Port Royal:]

I HAVE been requested to say a few words to you by your teacher, who is a good man. Any good man I like, regardless of color. I respect him as much, whether he is black or white. If he be a bad man, I shall treat him as such, whether he is white or black. Most of you know that I have talked to all my soldiers since I came here, and now I am talking to you, who are another set of soldiers, who have not yet arms in their hands, but who are under my protection and guidance, and in whom I take deep interest. With your past life I fully sympathize. I know and understand it all. I was reared in the midst of slavery, born in Kentucky, and know all about it. While there are many things connected with it that are pleasant, to which you will testify, there are vast many other things which are not pleasant, and I think that God intends all men shall be free, because he intends that all men shall serve him with their whole heart. I think this is true. I am not certain. I don't know. But in any condition we can all love and serve God. That privilege cannot be taken away. I care not how savage and wicked the master may be, he cannot prevent you from praying in the midst of the night, and God hears and answers the prayer of all, slave or free.

But it seems to me that there is a new time coming for you colored people; a better day is dawning for you oppressed and down-trodden blacks. I don't know that this is true, but I hope that the door is being opened for your deliverance. And now, how deeply you should ponder these words. If now you are unwilling to help yourselves, nobody will be willing to help you. You must trust yourselves to the guidance of those who have had better opportunities and have acquired superior wisdom, if you would be carried through this crisis successfully. And I believe the good God will bless your efforts, and lift you up to a higher level than you have yet occupied, so that you and your children may become educated and industrious citizens. You must organize yourselves into families. Husbands must love their wives and children, clinging to them and turning from all others, and feeling that their highest object in life, next to serving the good God, is to do all they can for their families, working for them continually.

Good colored friends, you have a great work to do, and you are in a position of responsibility. The whole North, all the people in the free States, are looking at you and the experiment now tried in your behalf with the deepest interest. This experiment is to give you freedom, position, home, and your own families—wives, property, your own soil. You shall till and cultivate your own crops; you shall gather and sell the products of your industry for your own benefit; you shall own your own savings, and you shall be able to feel that God is prospering you from day to day, and from year to year, and raising you to a higher level of goodness, religion, and a nobler life.

Supposing you fail down here; that will be an end of the whole matter. It is like attaching a cable to a stranded vessel, and all the strength that can be mustered is put upon this rope to haul her off. If this only rope breaks, the vessel is lost. God help you all, and help us all to help you. If you are idle, vicious, indolent and negligent, you will fail, and your last hope is gone; if you are not faithful, you rivet eternally the fetters upon those who to-day are fastened down by letters and suffer by the driver's goad. You have in your hands the rescuing of those sufferers over whose sorrows you mourn continually. If you fail, what a dreadful responsibility it will be when you come to die to feel that the only great opportunity you had for serving yourselves and your oppressed race, was allowed to slip.

And you, women, you must be careful of your children. You must teach them to be industrious, cleanly, obedient and dutiful at all times. You must keep your houses neat and tidy, working all day, if necessary, to have them in the best possible condition, always thinking and contriving to make them cleaner and more comfortable. When your husband comes home from the labors and fatigues of the day, always have something good and nice for his supper, and speak kindly to him, for these little acts of love and attention will bring you happiness and joy.

And when you men go out to work, you must labor with diligence and zeal. It seems to me, had I the stimulus to work that you have, that I could labor like a giant. Now you know who I am. My first duty here is to deal justly; second, to love mercy; and, third, to walk humbly. First, justly—I shall endeavor to get you to do your duty faithfully. If you do, I shall reward you; and if you refuse, then what comes next? Why the wicked must be punished and made to do right. I will take the bad man by the throat and force him to do his duty. I do not mean that I will take hold of him with my own hands, but with the strong arm of military power. Now do we understand each other? I am working for you already. I am told by your Superintendent that a gang of fifty men are building your houses at the rate of six a day. These houses are to make you more comfortable. You are to have a patch of ground, which you can call your own, to raise your own garden truck, and you may work for the government for good wages. And you women must make your houses shine; you must plaster them and whitewash them, and gradually get furniture in your cabins, and a cooking-stove. I have arranged in such a way that you will get your clothing cheaper and better than before, and you are to have a school for your children. And you must have flowers in your gardens, and blossoms before your doors. You will see in a little while how much happier you will be made. Are you not willing to work for this? Yes, God helping, you will all work. This is only for yourselves; but if you are successful, this plan will go all through the country, and we will have answered the question that has puzzled all good, thinking men in the world for one hundred years. They have asked, "What will you do with the black man after liberating him?" We will show them what we will do. We will make him a useful, industrious citizen. We will give him his family, his wife, his children—give him the earnings of the sweat of his brow, and, as a man, we will give him what the Lord ordained him to have.

I shall watch everything closely respecting this experiment. It is something to be permanent—more than for a day, more than for a year. Upon you depends whether this mighty result shall be worked out, and the day of jubilee come to God's ransomed people.

A WAR HYMN.

Thou who ordainest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication,—
God save the Nation!

By the great sign, foretold, of Thy appearing,—
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand fearing,—
Show us, amid this smoke of battle, clearing,
Thy chariot nearing!

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out Thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! Every fetter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision,—
Till, through the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Peace on our fields shine, like a prophet's vision,
Green and elysian!

THEODORE TILTON.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 18 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 18 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on Saturday, the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock, a.m. A full attendance of the members and friends of the Society is requested, while a cordial invitation is extended to all others favorable to the cause, in or out of the State, to be present and participate in the proceedings of the meeting.

The anti-slavery movement is presenting itself in a new aspect. It has reached a point in its progress where new obligations are devolved upon those who support it. We are now entering upon the constructive stage of our enterprise, the duties of which, though not less arduous, are in some respects less onerous than those which have heretofore demanded our energies. What these new obligations are, will form a natural subject of inquiry at the approaching meeting. It is sufficient for the present to say that topics of the most interesting and cheer-inspiring character will be considered, and that parties in all respects competent will be present to give value to their discussion.

JAMES MOTT, President.

J. M. MCKIM, Cor. Sec'y.

CAN THE REPUBLIC BE SAVED?

WE mean by the Republic, the great American Nation in its territorial integrity. The vicissitudes of the last fifteen months have made hope and fear alternate in all thinking minds. And even now, in the light of the late elections in Pennsylvania and the Western States, it does not yet seem sure that the nation is worthy of salvation. If not worthy, it cannot be saved, for nations, like individuals, must work out their own salvation. It cannot and will not be forced miraculously upon the one or the other. The question on which that of life and death turns, is whether more men in the Northern States love their nationality better than slavery? Whether they choose to sink down into a second or third-rate Power, rather than that slavery should go down and black men have an even chance in the battle of life with white men? For this, we apprehend, is the true statement of the case, all sophistries and lying delusions put aside. We assume that it is now clear that either slavery is to be destroyed or the Confederacy to be recognized. Mr. John Van Buren has been well censured for what he said in Cooper Institute the other day, and we imagine that the loud curses with which his statements have been received by the Republicans were more than counterbalanced by the deep ones bestowed on his frantic ingenuousness by his own party. Truth is not a safe thing to say, always—as poor Maj. Key found when he let the cat out of the bag as to the secret of the McClellan delays on the Potomac. We see interest is making to obtain his restoration; but we will venture to say that there is no hope for him. A much worse criminal would fare better than such a blunderer. But the fact remains that, if slavery be preserved, the republic, One and Indivisible, is at an end.

Now whether of these twain alternatives will the North elect? The deadliest and most dangerous enemies of the nation are endeavoring to bring about a state of things which shall ensure the coexistence of these two entities—slavery and the republic. They talk of conquest, but they mean surrender. They babble of terms to be made at Richmond, but in their hearts they are manœuvering for conditions which could be imposed as well at Washington as there. Could these despicable traitors have their way, the Union might possibly be maintained and slavery not merely be saved harmless, but be made coextensive with the Union. It is likely that Jefferson Davis would consent to rule over the thirty-four States, if he could dictate the terms of the treaty. Let him be substituted for Mr. Lincoln till the end of his six years, let the Confederate debt be assumed, let all the dropped officers, military and naval, be restored, let all negroes escaped during the war be returned, or paid for, and let the slave States have four Senators apiece and twice as many Representatives in the House for the same constituent numbers, with absolute power of legislation for the whole nation, and we rather think our "misguided brethren" might be won back again. We cannot think so ill of them as to suppose that they would take anything less. Let the Seymour party in this State and the People's party in Massachusetts have the control of our policy, and they can have all this, and more, if they want it. On no other terms would they return, for on no other could they have the guarantees for want of which they have gone to war with us. Freedom of speech, of the press and of the pulpit must be razeed to the pattern of Carolina and Arkansas as well as industry remodelled in the same likeness, or slavery will still be liable to be blasphemed and molested. They must have all or nothing—not from ambition, merely, but from necessity. The late elections have not as favorable a look as we could desire—though they might have a much more malign aspect. They are bad enough to give heart and hope to the traitors who are one in heart and soul with the rebels in arms, only lacking their pluck and self-devotion. But, still, we cannot augur from them the worst that is likely to befal us. Happily, those traitors are not in the Cabinet—at any rate, they do not control it—and this awful question must be decided long before they can get there. If those malignants could have the direction of our affairs, there would be as speedy an end put to the war as submission or separation could give it. But it by no means follows that even the Democratic victories claimed in those States are to be reckoned as Seymourite or anti-Sumnerite triumphs. The Western Democracy and that of Philadelphia have sealed their patriotism too deeply with their blood, to make it credible that they are willing to be made the counters with which political tricksters would mark their game. We do not think our peril lies in that direction. It was the unlucky Major, whose name was oddly enough indicative of his office, that was the *Key* that unlocks the mystery of our future. It is not so much Submission as it is Separation that is the pressing danger of this present hour. This *key* explains all that has been inexplicable in the past year's history. Why Richmond was not taken last November, why it did not fall the last summer, why Gen. McClellan is getting ready to go into Winter quarters at this moment, is all clear in the light of Major Key's incautious revelation. It at least redeems Gen. McClellan from the charge of incapacity to form a plan, if it be true that all he has done and left undone has had the definite object of exhausting and wearying out the North, and bringing it to the point of accepting peace on any terms he and Mr. Davis can agree upon.

We have faith to believe that this scheme, if it were indeed entertained, has been defeated by the very policy of delay designed to ensure its success. Had Richmond been taken last November, or even last May, it is in the nature of things that some such opportunity of compromise might have been possible. But the unbroken successes of the rebel arms consequent upon those delays—unbroken except by the one indisputable victory of Rosecrans at Perryville—have put the rebels in a position to dictate and not to sue for terms. Nothing but the recognition of their independence can satisfy them now, and we believe they would turn a deaf ear to Bennett and Fernando Wood, if they offered them any other terms than these. Thus far the delays of our campaigns have been the salvation of the country. Now, or soon, they will assume a very different aspect. They must cease or the republic is at an end. Nothing can save it but the resolute carrying out of the President's policy of emancipation. If the rebellion cannot be put down with the assistance of the slaves, active, or passive even, and the Southern country settled anew and its society reorganized, then there is nothing for it but to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy. The recognition of that independence by the Great Powers of Europe is imminent. It impends over us and can be averted only by successes on the soil of the rebellion which shall make its overthrow no doubtful matter. And they must be had soon or they will arrive too late to prevent the most serious foreign complications. The salvation of the republic lies in the hands of the President. He has given the country a policy—let him now give it a man, able and willing to carry it out. We believe that he has the country behind him. That Dickinson and Brownson and Bancroft represent the Democratic party more truly than Seymour, the Woods and the Brookses. That Edward Everett more fitly represents what was honest in the old Whig party than George Lunt. What the country groans for is action and that speedy. What it dreads worse almost than defeat is delay. Is the long struggle to end in nothing or worse than nothing? Is the blood that has been poured out like water to sink like water into the ground, exhorting from Heaven no justice by its exceeding bitter cry? After all this agony and bloody sweat is there to be no resurrection? Awful are the responsibilities of the men in whose hands, under God, are these issues of life and death. May their strength be even as their day!

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

THE Episcopal Church in this country—*the* Church, as her members are wont to designate their body—has heretofore almost always succeeded in avoiding all discussion and action upon the subject of slavery. A very few of the clergy and a very few of the laity have from time to time attempted to arouse the body, in its Conventions, to do or say something in aid of the slave. And these persons succeeded only so far as to get themselves stigmatized as troublers of Israel. The peace of "the Church," alike on Sundays and Convention-days, remained unbroken by any protest against slavery. It must be remembered that silence, in relation to a thing *established*, is support. The clergy and laity of this Church, for half a century past, have exerted an influence as real and active in behalf of slavery by refusing to say anything against it in the North, as by buying, selling, and breeding slaves in the South. And not even yet, not even through the opportunity offered by the slaveholders' rebellion, has the silence been broken. How far this subject, heretofore so carefully avoided, has now been touched, and through what amount of opposition, we may read in the report of the Convention just closed.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is held triennially, met on the 1st inst., at St. John's Chapel in this city.

On the first day, after the reading of Morning Prayer, a sermon was preached by Bishop McCoskry of Michigan. He boasted of the faithfulness of the Episcopal clergy, rejoicing that in their pulpits there were no exciting teachings relative to human rights, and enjoining that "the Church" must continue to be what she has been, the great conservative element in the nation. He deplored the "unhappy contest" in which our country is now engaged, and referred to the happy hours of the last General Convention.

It is to be noted that the one chief difference between the Convention of three years ago and the present one is that, in the former, certain slaveholding Bishops, clergymen and laymen, were received as Christian brethren, without objection from any one, while this year the persons in question, having become rebels as well as slaveholders, chose to stay away.

Seats, however, were assigned for these absent *brethren*, as if they had been expected, and in calling for representatives of the dioceses, those in the seceded States were called, as well as the others.

The Convention proceeded with the sort of business customary there, discussion whether or not any alteration was needed in the canons, the rubrics, and the book of Common Prayer, when, on the third day, Judge Brunot, arriving from the battle-field of Antietam, introduced a new subject, and created an intense sensation. He was surprised that there was no speech or action here to indicate that we were at war with rebels, and he offered a resolution proposing that the Bishops prepare a form of prayer for the use of the Convention, imploring defence for the National government and victory over the rebels. Various details of the storm of excitement and discussion aroused by this resolution, and details of the vote by which it was laid on the table, will be found in THE STANDARD of the 11th inst.

On the morning of Saturday, the fourth day, Judge Carpenter, of New-Jersey, renewed the contest by offering a resolution requesting a new special form of prayer. An excited discussion was renewed, and counter resolutions were presented, and a Committee was finally instructed to report respecting both proposals on the following Thursday.

On Monday, the fifth day, Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of Pennsylvania, offered for adoption some new canons, evidently pointed at Maj.-Gen. Bishop Polk, forbidding the holding of any military command by a clergyman. Mr. Ruggles, of this city, rose in opposition, moved the postponement of the resolutions till the next triennial Convention, apologized for the course adopted by the secessionists in the Church at the South, and hoped that the Southern States would not be devastated, and that the four million of slaves would not be set free. After a prolonged debate, the proposed canons were referred to the Committee on canons.

Rev. Dr. Hawks, of this city, a native of North Carolina, deprecated exasperation of our Southern brethren, and thought that we should not "lug in all the little, dirty questions of the day" during the discussion of Church matters.

On Thursday, the seventh day, the Convention came, by appointment, to a consideration of the state of the country, and of the pending rebellion. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, read the long series of resolutions proposed by the Committee. Hon. Murray Hoffman pointed out that the rebuke given in them to the rebels was conditional and prospective, not positive nor immediate, and moved an amendment. He wanted to have the Church define her position, not only before the South, but before the world.

Earnest and exciting debate on the rebellion, the duties of the Convention in regard to it, and the question whether Southern Churchmen were voluntary or involuntary in their relation to it, was continued from time to time during several days following. On the evening of the thirteenth day, the feebly loyal resolutions read by Mr. Winthrop were taken up to be acted upon, in spite of very strong opposition. Rev. Dr. Mason, of Maryland, moved to lay them on the table. His motion was rejected. The more energetic loyal resolutions offered by Mr. Hoffman were then voted upon and rejected. Rev. Mr. Doane, of New Jersey (son of the late Bishop Doane, and like him always favoring slavery), tried to turn the current of feeling by proposing prayer. The President offered several Collects, and the contest was resumed.

A vote was then taken on certain anti-loyal resolutions presented by Dr. Thrall, and they were negatived. Similar resolutions presented by Rev. Mr. McAllister met with the same fate. Rev. Dr. Hawks hoped to stop the tide of feeling by moving an adjournment, and threatening further amendments if the meeting did not yield. He was voted down, and then Judge Chambers left the house, apparently with the expectation that his absence would leave the Convention without a quorum. The vote was then taken (about eleven o'clock p.m.) by dioceses, and the resolutions were adopted by the following vote: Clergymen, yeas 13, nays 7. Laymen, yeas 11, nays 4.

On Friday, the seventeenth and last day of the Convention, Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, read the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops. From the published abstract of this document we learn that it spoke of the rebellion as "an enormous crime," and bestowed "strong condemnation" upon those clergymen who had taken up arms to join in it, but declared it not necessary to set forth our own sins which had brought upon us this calamity, and made no mention at all of slavery.

The course of the Episcopal Church in this Convention has been symmetrical with her past shameful history in this country. Fraternizing with slavery, from its commencement to the present time, like the other sects, it has been even more vigilant and persistent than they in its efforts to prevent interference against that wicked system. Fewer of its members than of any other sect (the Roman Catholic perhaps excepted) have individually cared, or spoken, or acted in behalf of the slave; and the efforts of these to arouse action in churchmen in opposition to slavery have been steadily frowned down and crushed down in their ecclesiastical bodies. The act of one of their publishers, in erasing the figure of the slave from that world-renowned picture which he had chosen as the vignette for his edition of the Prayer-Book, and the certificate of approval given by one of their Bishops to that disgraced volume, have fitly symbolized the whole course of the Episcopal Church in this country. Not even the culmination of slavery in rebellion can divert them from their allegiance to it. For its sake, indeed, many of their most eminent men wish to leave the rebellion itself uncensured. The speech of individuals in this last General Convention more frequently favors than discountenances slavery. Their public action of every sort, their resolutions and canons, their introductory sermon and their concluding pastoral letter, alike ignore that subject. And all effort to arouse this great representative body to aid in the attainment of civil and religious rights for millions of their countrymen hitherto unjustly deprived of them seems to be regarded by the Convention at large, as well as by Dr. Hawks, as "the lugging in of little, dirty questions."

Why was a storm of excitement kindled by the very first mention, in this Convention, of a subject which, for eighteen months past, has excited the feelings, affected the interests, and occupied the thoughts of the whole population of this land, more than any other subject whatever? Why was all reference to the existence of a rebellion in this country so strenuously resisted? Why was the very moderate resolution which first mentioned it—a resolution perfectly in harmony with the customs and traditions of the Church, and asking only prayer for the return of Union to Church and State—laid on the table without even the tolerance of discussion upon its merits, by a vote of more than two-thirds? And why was so large a portion of the seventeen days spent in steady resistance to each successive movement in this direction? Can these things be accounted for otherwise than by the fact that the rebellion is a slaveholders' rebellion? and that the custom of the Church to uphold slaveholders as Christians, and to throw its influence on the side of the Slave Power, has become a second nature?

There was surely no need for these men, as members and officers of the Episcopal Church, to be so moderate and cautious in their condemnation of rebels and traitors. Their Church, if not so directly connected with the State as her English mother, has always held loyalty to the established government to be binding upon her, and has been accustomed regularly to pray for the President, the Governors, and all who are in authority, and to pray for the success of their arms, whenever the government held it needful to unsheath the sword. If we remember rightly, very many of the officers, and a large proportion of the chaplains, in our army and navy, have been Episcopalians. Had the government of the United States been resisted with force and arms by a rebellion one-tenth the magnitude of this, of any power abroad or at home except the Slave Power, *The Church* would have been united, and emphatic, and prompt in the denunciation of it. At present, scarcely rebellion, scarcely even schism, can provoke her rebukes, if they proceed from men so long honored and upheld as the Southern slaveholders.

The taint thus conspicuous in the Episcopal Church is found, in less or greater measure, in all our Churches. All the great, leading ecclesiastical bodies have prostituted themselves to be the bulwark of slavery. The religion of the country might, if it would, long since have abolished slavery, by setting the respectability and moral weight of a Church connection in direct antagonism to that system. They have chosen, instead, not only to shrink from such antagonism, and take shelter in silence, but, when compelled to open action, to direct their rebuke against the reformer rather than the slaveholder. The natural result has followed. The chain which they have helped bind upon the slave is now riveted upon their own necks; and those bodies are themselves corrupted, well nigh beyond remedy, who have been wont to call themselves "the salt of the earth."

[We have received the following notes from a correspondent whose interest in this debate prompted him to attend closely at the sessions:]

I have dropped in daily to witness the progress of the Convention, and I can assure you many of the Delegates have proved themselves apt scholars and have made very creditable advancement. Such men as Judge Chambers and Dr. Hawks, who have controlled the Episcopal Church for a quarter of a century, continued like the mole to burrow in the dark and insist there is no light, and that the sun is a dangerous institution. Dr. Edson of Massachusetts was a mere instrument in their hands and nothing more. Dr. Shattuck "was everything by turns and nothing long." Drs. Thrall and McAlister of California made a mistake at the outbreak of the rebellion and remained in the land of gold (California) when they should have gone further South; but they were not able to do much harm. Dr. Mead declined to vote for his own resolutions, or rather for the resolutions of the Committee of Nine of which he was chairman. He is a cast-iron conservative and very brittle. Rev. Dr. Mahan assumed the championship of the South after Dr. Goodwin had floored Dr. Hawks; but Dr. Vinton soon took the starch out of his collar, and left him to bite his thin lips when they failed to answer his ponderous logic.

Day after day light shone in upon the Convention and the spirit of reform seemed to move on the great deep of the hearts of honest men. Dr. Randall, a stiff conservative who voted against Judge Brunot's resolution, came out in a bold and eloquent argument in favor of loyalty. Mr. Welsh of Pennsylvania, a very talkative man, a sort of Lay Bishop, gave up the idea of bespattering his Southern brethren with fulsome praise, and turned the table upon them before the Convention adjourned. Rev. Dr. Higby made a speech on the side of patriotism, and placed himself right on the record. Mr. Ruggles, who had been a pliant deputy in the hands of Judge Chambers, finally voted for the passage of the resolutions from the Committee of Nine.

After a session of two weeks the vote was taken and carried on the side of patriotism. Dr. Hawks, who has a son in the rebel army, left the Church in disgust. Judge Chambers followed his illustrious steps and shook the dust from his feet before the vote was taken. The patriotic resolutions were carried triumphantly. Thus the most conservative body in America has taken a very short step in the right direction.

A. VIATOR.

WATCH!

A SLEEPLESS vigilance is now the duty of every man and woman throughout the North who loves and means to stand by the great cause of human liberty. Tyrants South and knaves North have combined in a desperate scheme to overthrow everything just and good in the land, and to subject the entire North to the rule and power of slavery. *This is their last chance*, and they are obviously aware of it. If, between now and January next, they fail to get a formidable party organized in the North and arrayed against the Administration, their failure is final, and contempt and shame will be poured on them from every quarter of the earth. From now until the first of January next, therefore, let the friends of freedom stand constant at their post. Casting away all untimely criticism, let them stand firm by the great principle of emancipation, as enunciated in the President's proclamation of September 22d, and claim for it the full and cordial support of every upright and loyal citizen. Let them patiently and faithfully set forth to the doubtful, the timid and the hostile the arguments and facts which must, now and forever, make an honest, just and equal policy the best for any nation, and, at a crisis like the present, when the "vilest system of slavery that ever saw the sun" is fighting for the mastery over us, which render such a policy ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY for us. In these coming two months and a half a world of work is to be done, and by the united, hearty and courageous exertions of all *may be done*; and, if done, this terrible plague may yet be stayed. Let every good and true man and woman join in the heartiest and most unqualified support of the National policy of freedom to every oppressed, defrauded and enslaved human being on our soil. With such an object thus clearly seen to be the National object, the favor of a just and righteous God will come to us and work with us, the confidence of our entire people will be renewed, the flagging and wearied spirits of our armies will revive, the forces of the rebellion will be weakened, and panic take the place of haughty pride and insolence in its ranks. That which is now done by us haltingly, doubtfully, and at cross-purposes, will be then done with a ten-fold effect, because done unitedly and with a single and noble aim.

But we must not only labor to convince the doubting, and encourage the despondent; we must steadily watch the mischief-making and traitorous spirits amongst us. Such are to be found in every quarter of the land. Led on and encouraged by such men as Seymour and the Woods in this State, Joel Parker, John C. Tucker and others in Massachusetts, Vallandigham in Ohio, Pettit in Indiana, and the like, they are working with a vindictive and unscrupulous energy to cripple the armies and efforts of the North, to thwart the object of the President, and (as their ally, Col. Key, lately said) to "save slavery"! This is the real object of those who are now working, in the name of a hollow and spurious Democracy, to block the wheels of the government and compel the President to abandon the position of his proclamation. More or less clearly avowed, *this is the unquestionable motive and object* of all concerned in this work of opposition. Disguised as it is in some cases under a poor pretence of support of the President, while, in others, as in the case of the presiding officer of the late Democratic Convention at Worcester, Mass., the determination to refuse all cooperation with the Administration, in its Policy of Liberty for All Men, is openly, daringly and traitorously avowed, the motive and end are alike and the same with them all. "To save slavery"! Infamous work—to which no European crowned head dares to commit himself; to which no aristocrat of the Old World will stoop so low, in the middle of the nineteenth century, as to lend himself; and upon which every honest man, every generous-minded man, every true and consistent Democrat of both hemispheres, looks with unspeakable abhorrence and contempt. "To save slavery"! Fitting work, indeed, for jurists, scholars, professors, the would-be magnates of our cities, to engage in; and, for this sublime and dignified purpose, to join hands with the lowest and most unscrupulous tools of faction which our poor, much-suffering land is cursed withal! "To save slavery"! Who will stand forth, ranged under this banner? Forevermore his name is a hissing and a by-word in the land—a blot on his kindred—an ignominy to his children. America will repudiate such degenerate and false sons. To her clear and inspiring call, "My sons! scorn to be slaves," she adds now, with equal clearness and power, "My sons, scorn to make slaves of other men, or to be the still baser serfs of such as do." This is the call to all true Americans to-day; and he is the true American, let his birth-place be where it may, who hears and joyfully accepts it. Let us all, then, be vigilant; in the proclamation we have the touchstone of every man's temper; it is the spear of the Angel which develops the fiend, wherever the baleful and man-hating spirit exists. Let us see that nothing is lost through our inaction, or halting; that no faithful rebuke is wanting, no word of cheer and encouragement withheld, which we, each of us in his lot, can give. And may God—as He surely will—defend the Right!

A PEEP INTO A PRIVATE LETTER.

As a general rule, the printer's types have no right to a private letter, and it is held unmannerly to make one public. But the editor of this newspaper, being now absent from his office on a tour of recreation among the Vermont hills, in company with the editor of *The Liberator*, has sent to the temporary occupant of this Editorial Chair a private letter giving some jottings of that pleasant Green Mountain pic-nic. Now what can be the harm of printing a part of this letter? We expect, at any rate, to be turned out of office next week. So we venture to give the following fragments from "Our Own Correspondent."

PEACHAM, VT.

It is a week to day since I parted with you, and I must not longer delay to report myself. Mr. G—— and I are having a "high time." [This remark, we trust, will be taken in a modified sense.—*Ed. pro tem.*] All our plans have worked to a charm; the weather has been propitious; we have met noble men and women to whom our presence has given pleasure; and we have looked at some of the finest scenery in the world. My native town is beautiful beyond my power of description. In it are many eminences commanding a view of the whole White Mountain range and an immense reach of intervening territory, dotted with smiling farms, pretty villages, and ponds set like mirrors in surrounding hills. We are full of enthusiasm over what we see, and our time passes delightfully.

The arrangements for friend G. to speak in this place, kindly made by the minister and deacons of the Congregational Church, have been fully carried out. He spoke for two hours in his grand way on Sunday afternoon, after a brief introductory address from myself. The people were so impressed that they cried out for more, and another meeting was appointed for Monday evening, when he spoke again to a full house, with great power and unction, fairly taking the people captive.

For twenty-five years his reputation here, as almost everywhere else in New England, has been that of a lunatic and an infidel; and I, as his associate and friend, have stood under the same condemnation. But the people of this town have heard Mr. Garrison; they have looked into his honest face, and seen the radiance of Christian truth in every line and feature. The joy I feel over this event is compensation for years of misapprehension and reproach.

On Monday we spent an hour in the cemetery where lie the remains of my father and mother, step-mother and brother, and those also of many, old and young, whose faces were once familiar to me. Then we ascended a mountain, commanding a view of not only Peacham, but of an immense expanse of mountains and valleys, forests and farms, with here and there one of the beautiful little ponds so common in New Hampshire and Vermont.

We rolled stones from the top, to hear them go crashing far down the side.

Yesterday we stood on the spot where I was born—the site of a log cabin long since demolished. We travelled over the road which my boyish feet pressed on the way to school. We went to the farm on which I toiled in youth, and through the house where our family dwelt. I looked into the little chamber where I slept, into the room where my mother breathed her last, into the cellar where I used to go for cider and apples. Every stone on the old place looked familiar—the barns, wood-shed, garden, orchard, all had a greeting for me.

Then we went to an out-lying farm, which I remember as a forest, and which I helped to clear, and where I worked in the long summer days, making my dinner of salt pork, roasted on a stick over a fire made of chips, and rye-and-indian bread.

This farm embraces the summit which divides the waters flowing east into Connecticut river from those flowing North through Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence. The view from this summit is magnificent beyond description. It includes the White Mountain range on the South-east, and the Green Mountains on the North-west—the latter including the summits of Camel's Rump and Mansfield.

To-day we are to visit "Devil Hill."

[Here this letter somewhat abruptly closes, and no further account has reached us from the mountaineers, leaving us to hope that they will get away safely from the place of their last visit.—*Ed. pro tem.*]

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 1862.

IF the army does not soon move, does not do anything this Autumn, but quietly goes into Winter quarters, *the navy will do something*. Of course it cannot achieve any of those great triumphs which are equivalent to a decisive victory upon the field of battle without the aid of the army. But it will take cities while the army does nothing. That is, if the army contents itself with doing nothing—if Gen. McClellan believes it for the best to go into Winter quarters. I suppose that the matter rests with Gen. McClellan. And if he decides in favor of doing nothing this Fall, we are bound to believe that in his opinion if we attempt to do anything we shall be whipped. That is the logic of his opinion. But Secretary Welles does not mean to let his Admirals lie idle. They have been waiting to get fully ready, and they may have to wait a few weeks longer still; but an attempt will soon be made to take Charleston, Savannah and Mobile. Admiral Dupont was here a week to consult upon this very business at the Navy Department, and he has returned to Port Royal, or is about to return from New York. It looks sometimes as if the navy was our only hope this Winter. The army is inactive—perhaps it is too dangerous for it to move before Spring—and gold is running up out of sight, or rather government paper is depreciating so rapidly that it will soon be sold by the bushel. Under these circumstances, it is some relief to know that the navy means to do something. What is most to be feared is that the country will tire of the war before long, and that separation will come, with the emancipation proclamation an utter failure. It is to be hoped that nobody is trusting in the idea that the proclamation will execute itself, for it will not. We need a vigorous President and fighting Generals to execute it. And he who supposes that the people will go on patiently with the war, without successes which promise to end the rebellion and the war-expenses with it, is woefully mistaken. The time will come when, if our Generals will not or our armies cannot achieve victories, the people will refuse to go on any longer. The genuine patriot is to-day anxious lest that day is approaching. To find fault is not a pleasant vocation, and now after the President has done so nobly, it is very difficult to blame him or his government for anything. But we are in imminent danger of losing everything for want of action—action—action! We have now nearly 250,000 troops on the Potomac. Perhaps I have put down 20,000 too large a number. Is this army going to spend the Winter under canvass? And what is of still more importance, is it going at once into Winter quarters on *the Potomac*?

The President himself has been deeply exercised upon this point. He went to see Gen. McClellan for the sole purpose of ascertaining the cause for the singular delays of the army. He was not satisfied, is not satisfied now, but who does not remember the history of the past summer? The President has been accused of interfering with Gen. McClellan's plans—the President a civilian—McClellan a military genius! But the Winter is coming fast, and gold is—how high is the premium? The President cannot afford to wait much longer, *and will not*, unless the Winter catches him at the business of making up his mind. The wet weather may suddenly come on, and put the entire army in a condition of enforced quiet for the Winter, and if it should be so, there are people who will not regret it.

The result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana, and in Pennsylvania, has greatly surprised and grieved the President, and I think a majority of the members of the Administration. I fear that there *are* Cabinet members who do *not* feel very badly over the triumph of the pro-slavery Democrats. But the President is astounded. He did not expect that the people of the three States mentioned would pronounce against him so decidedly. It is a heavy blow upon him, and I am afraid that he will not read the moral of the election-results correctly. The truth is, that the people are tired of the management of the war. All the special pleading in the world will not hide this fact. *The war grows unpopular!* And it is precisely because it has been carried on so shamefully. There has been nothing but imbecility from the commencement of the war until now, and the people are sick nigh unto death of it. And then there is another fact: the people are not anti-slavery yet by a great deal. But the elections do not pronounce against the proclamation of emancipation—they protest against imbecility, against lying and cheating, against the jobbing and contracting of the war, the stupid censorship, the falsehoods of the War Department, and the general misconduct of persons connected with the war. The President imagined last Spring that he was strong enough to carry Simon Cameron, Alexander Cummings, and a host of other men upon his back, but he now finds out his mistake. Though the people know *him* to be perfectly honest, they do not trust all of his agents.

It is hard to say a hard word of your friends, but it is the simple truth that the President is responsible for the political disasters in the West. He might have so carried on the war as to have made it everywhere popular. He might at the outset have taken such high ground on the slavery question as to have carried two-thirds of the people with him; but his course was such all through the Winter that the pro-slavery politicians quoted him as their friend. Parties grew up on this very question, and the President was claimed during the entire session of Congress as their special friend. But the past cannot be recalled. The President is honest, and is disposed to do everything in his power to save the nation. He can do it still, and I believe will do it. Let fighting Generals have command of our armies. Let McClellan be encouraged to take Richmond before Winter sets in. Let the rebellion be crushed before the first day of next June, and all will be well. Slavery will be finished too. But if the old management is to prevail, we may as well give up first as last, for the South will achieve its independence, and slavery will not be overthrown by any edict of President Lincoln.

In his conversation with various persons Mr. Lincoln does not indicate very clearly that he sees what is destroying him and the Administration before the people, but that is a way peculiar to him. He often *talks* as if he did not fully comprehend a question, when the fact is, that he is calling for an argument from his visitor. So he talked with the Chicago delegation, and a week afterwards issued the proclamation of emancipation. *He is thinking very hard just now.* Let us hope it will be to good results. Oh for audacious generalship! And by that I do not mean a brainless fellow who has pluck only. Pluck and brains—we must have both. If used properly, the proclamation of emancipation will aid us wonderfully; but if we use it as if we were ourselves afraid of it, it will do us no good, but, instead, a great deal of harm. The next month is to be an important one in the history of the war. If *nothing* is done it will be a bad omen of the final result.

There has been a reconnoissance across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and above, and except at the Ferry our troops have all recrossed—the accounts say without serious loss! The reconnoissance, however, may be preliminary to a battle—to a grand advance—and if it is, the whole nation will be glad, always providing that we are competent to thrash the rebels, and if we are not, it may be as well to ascertain the fact now.

The Republican of this city asserts with an air of confidence that Gen. Hooker is soon to be sent to command the army on the Upper Potomac, and that Gen. McClellan will be brought down here to take the place now filled by Gen. Banks. I don't know how much truth there may be in this story. The letter of Gen. Kearney which has recently been published has not injured Gen. McClellan. That letter was so sweeping in its condemnation of nearly all the Generals of the Army of the Potomac that it fails to injure Gen. McClellan. Phil. Kearney was an impulsive, daring fellow, and not a man of sound judgment. So his letter has failed to make any very lasting impression upon the government.

AVON.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

THE Rev. Dr. Bellows, in his recent discourse at the Unitarian Convention, made invidious distinctions between the Southern and Northern people, claiming for the former the respect of the latter, on the score of their superiority as gentlemen. Their small hands and feet, their self-possession and graceful manners were instanced as evidence of their claim to the laurel.

What is it that constitutes a man a gentleman? Is it the attainments afforded by study in the schools or elsewhere? Is it fortune inherited or acquired? Is it the size, weight, form or color of the individual? Does it consist in the accidents of birth? Are there no gentlemen save those born of wealthy parents? Do they grow only in tropical climates?

If gentility consists in scholarly acquirements, then the North is in advance of the South. If wealth is the true test, the North takes the lead. If physique determines the question, then the North is ahead. If distinguished parentage solves the problem, then the North has the best title. Cicero was once charged by a proud patrician of his plebeian origin; he replied, "The nobility of my family begins in me, that of yours will end with you."

We have been taught to believe that a gentleman is a man who is gentle. He who is only elegant may be a fop and nothing more. Mere dignity may be a mantle that covers a dunce.

Why have the Southerners small hands and small feet? We cannot account for the deformity unless it be a part of the curse that rests upon those who will not work. Labor develops the physical organization; indolence cripples and deforms. Look at the fine ancient Romans and Grecians, and we find that their hands and feet were not small. Their sports and manly exercise developed their physical powers, and their bodies were so well educated they were not afflicted with feeble feet and hands too delicate to hurl the discus. Unfortunately for the North we have too many small hands and feet, and they are usually mated with small heads.

The idea that delicate feet and hands are marks of high breeding and gentle blood is advanced for the purpose of degrading labor. Those who will not work and earn their bread before they eat it, are like Hermes, who had a mouth and no hands, and with that mouth made faces at those who did the work, mocking the hands that fed it.

God has given to each human being two hands and one mouth, plainly teaching the lesson that we are to work twice as much as we eat—in other words that we should earn our bread by labor.

The Southern gentlemen (!) on whom the Rev. Doctor lavishes his compliments are rebels—their little hands have been employed in shooting, stabbing and cutting the throats of our brothers, sons and fathers. They have poisoned wells of water, sprinkled arsenic on rations designed for Union soldiers, and written forged letters to entrap our men within reach of their batteries.

Floyd, with his small fingers, stole millions of money from the Treasury, and with his small feet ran away from Fort Donelson. The Southern people, with their small hands, have stolen the earnings of four million of men—they have stolen children from cradles and wielded the lash until the blood from the quivering flesh cried to Heaven for vengeance. Can a man be a gentleman and a rebel and a tyrant? Lafitte, the pirate, had small hands and looked like a gentleman—but he cut the throats of innocent men when he met them on the high seas.

G. W. B.

GEORGE BANCROFT ON THE CRISIS.

GEORGE BANCROFT, having been nominated to Congress for the Eighth Congressional District of New York on the Union ticket, in opposition to the so-called Democrats, writes the following letter on the state of the country. It will thus be seen that he is ashamed of the party which he has supported nearly all his life:

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: I am touched with gratitude for the good will which has led your convention of delegates from "the People's Union Associations," by an unexpected and spontaneous vote, to nominate me unanimously as their candidate for Representative of the Eighth Congressional District. This act I receive as coming from men who are awake to the perils that overhang our beloved country, and who pledge themselves as citizens to be governed by loyalty to the people.

The next Congress will have before it the most important subjects that ever engaged the attention of a representative body since the Convention that framed our Constitution; and yet we seem to await the day of election with a feverish levity or want of considerateness, as though the old methods of preparation, which may prove sufficient in a season of unclouded prosperity, would serve for this hour when our system itself is threatened with overthrow. It is heart-breaking, after the lavish outpouring of the blood of those dearest to us, to contemplate the chances of failure from divisions and wavering in the North. Yet, after we have sent out from this city alone troops enough to constitute a formidable army, we are advised to manifest at the polls our consent to a disruption of the country. We send men from every household to the war; they show in the battle-field the most heroic courage, and yet we are asked to vote that the war has no object—that we fight only to retreat with shame if we are beaten, and to submit with shame if we are victorious.

The only possible chance for a speedy end of this war is its instant and vigorous prosecution. Hesitation brings chaos, and prolongs the strife indefinitely. There must be one soul in the President, the army, and the people, or the contest will drag along under the distractions of conflicting and uncertain opinions; and the short-sighted desire to gain peace by submission may change it into a seven years' war, or a thirty years' war, or a war for generations. Quick, united action can alone bring it to an early end.

The voice of the State of New York, as pronounced in the elections, will ring through the civilized world. Shall we not do our part to make that voice clear for the Union? Are we to devote all our resources to carry on the war, and then go to the polls to express the opinion that the war, which certainly was forced upon us, and could not have been avoided, was unnecessary and a mistake? Are the citizens of New York to be so inconsistent as to strain every nerve to gain the mastery in the field, and then to signify at the polls a readiness to faint and succumb? When the oligarchy of the South began the war by wantonly insulting our flag, this people rose up with a calm and resolute earnestness which was surpassed only by the sublime patience and moderation with which they bore defeat and mismanagement, and uncertain guidance. Shall we now proclaim that this zeal was a delusion?

The Tory party of England, all the old hereditary enemies to the perfect development of our free institutions, have been from the beginning eagerly hoping to see our beautiful flag rent in twain forever, and have been unremitting in their advice to us to let half of the Union go. Shall we adopt them for our counsellors? It is one of the saddest things, in this time of general sorrow, that an effort is made to persuade our fellow-citizens of foreign birth to give their votes in the interest of the very party of the English aristocracy which from generation to generation oppressed them at home.

Our bankers, with noble patriotism, placed their wealth at the service of the government. Are they now to be told that their loans were offered without a purpose, and without any need? That the government should have bought peace at any price, even at the sacrifice of our national character, by cowering before the conflict which all the possible deprecations of pusillanimity could not have avoided? Will they consent to see the government so paralyzed, and its policy so uncertain, as to jeopard the restoration of public credit, and to invite the interposition of foreign powers?

Are our merchants prepared to wean themselves from the free use of the Chesapeake and the Mississippi? Will they, after having won back these great highways, give them up to a Confederacy which is the child of rebellion, and which from inherent causes will, in case of its separation, be necessarily hostile to us? True, our interests are bound up with the South. But is the surrender of the Capes of the Chesapeake, and of the Tortugas, and of the Mississippi, to restore a profitable commerce? Will the relinquishment forever of vast tracts of country—the Italies of the United States, unsurpassed for beauty, fertility and healthfulness—prove the best mode of promoting the exchanges of domestic products? Will the bar of custom-houses, stretched across the channels of our mighty rivers, help internal navigation? To let the revolted States go, from a longing for their trade, is to die through fear of death; to renounce the old intercourse entirely and forever because to-day it is interrupted.

Our fellow-citizens of foreign birth have demonstrated the power of freedom to blend them with us in one nationality and brotherhood, and they have shown by their conduct in the general distress, how they have faith that they are received into the bosom of a nation, and form a part of one great, real, living people. Shall we send word to those of them who are in camp that there is no American people—that the Union is a sham? Our city rightly declared its sympathy with the gallant Corcoran, when he returned from his long captivity. What gave the chief lustre to his services and his sorrows except this, that he had fought and suffered for a country and a people? And shall we now mar the honors awarded him by deciding that the Union is to be given up, that the American people has ceased to be—that the flag which he upbore is to be robbed of half its brightness? Testimonials of regard have just been sent to the veteran Steel. Is New York to furnish them by a record at the polls that the fellow-feeling with the patriotism which carried him across the hills of Missouri and Arkansas and placed him as an advance guard in Virginia, is flagging and dying away?

The party of the South which has made this rebellion is not and never was a democratic party; it was and is the most embittered hater of democracy; it rests on the most narrow and the most selfish of oligarchies, which by the very necessity of its nature seeks to extinguish the democratic principles, to crush the Union and the powers of the people. To sympathize with them is to sympathize with oligarchy in its proudest and most corrupt form. They laughed among themselves at the very thought of being called Democrats. To call or to have called Slidell and Benjamin and their like Democrats—to have invited them among us to teach who should and who should not be held to be members of the Democratic party—would be a superb and unqualified jest, if it had not been followed by deadly consequences.

Complaints are made against the Administration; there never was and never will be an Administration that does not require to be watched. But the people have chosen their President; and we who preferred another public servant must now consent to give vigor to the man who is the President under the Constitution. To harp upon what is past and gone and irremediable, would be useless; the graver question affecting personal liberty must be settled in such a way as to leave no dangerous precedent. Meantime, we cannot suffer the country to go to pieces, because the President has committed errors. Let, then, the voice of this district and this city be distinctly heard in favor of an immediate, vigorous prosecution of the war.

For one, I will not give a vote for any man whose election would be an encouragement to the rebellion to hold out. I, for one, will not consent to send our sons and brothers to the battle-field, and then betray them at the polls.

To represent such a district as the Eighth, in such a city as New York, is as high a trust as can devolve on any man. The district should be rightly represented; a multiplication of candidates will leave the result very much to chance. I must, therefore, ask leave to decline your nomination; and having done this, I can without reproach entreat that there may be such opportunely effected for deliberation as will lead to a union of all those who feel deeply for their country in this hour of her tribulation.

Very sincerely, yours,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

To JOHN T. HENDERSON and others, of the Nominating Committee of the People's Union Associations.

GEN. SCOTT IN HIS OWN DEFENSE.

[As we printed, last week, a somewhat singular letter from Gen. SCOTT, which seems to have crept surreptitiously into print, we are bound in justice to print his explanation as follows. The facts herein narrated, and the temper of the General's mind toward the rebellion, which they disclose, will help to make history.]

Gen. Winfield Scott, deeming his past fidelity to the Union and his disposition to maintain it by force, when necessary, distrusted by some recent publications, submits in self-defense the following memoranda, which he makes public through *The National Intelligencer*. They cannot possibly damage the reputation of the thief and traitor Floyd, nor of his confederates Howell Cobb and Jacob Thompson; but we should really like to know what ex-President Buchanan and ex-Secretary Toucey have to say to them.

☞ SOUTHERN FORTS—A SUMMARY.

October 30, 1860, I emphatically called the attention of the President to the necessity of strong garrisons in all the forts below the principal commercial cities of the Southern States, including, by name, the forts in Pensacola harbor. Oct. 31, I suggested to the Secretary of War that a circular should be sent at once to such of those forts as had garrisons to be on the alert against surprises and sudden assaults.—(*See my "Views," since printed.*)

After a long confinement to my bed in New York, I came to this city (Washington) Dec. 12. Next day I personally urged upon the Secretary of War the same views—viz., strong garrisons in the Southern forts—those of Charleston and Pensacola harbors, at once; those on Mobile Bay and the Mississippi, below New Orleans, next, etc., etc. I again pointed out the organized companies and the recruits at the principal depots available for the purpose. The Secretary did not concur in any of my views, when I begged him to procure for me an early interview with the President, that I might make one effort more to save the forts and the Union.

By appointment the Secretary accompanied me to the President, Dec. 15, when the same topics, secessionism, etc., were again pretty fully discussed. There being at the moment (in the opinion of the President) no danger of an early secession, beyond South Carolina, the President in reply to my arguments for immediately reinforcing Fort Sumter, said:

"The time has not arrived for doing so; that he should wait the action of the Convention of South Carolina, in the expectation that a commission would be appointed and sent to negotiate with him and Congress respecting the secession of the State, and the property of the United States held within its limits; and that if Congress should decide against the secession, then he would send a reinforcement, and telegraph the commanding officer (Major Anderson) of Fort Moultrie to hold the forts (Moultrie and Sumter) against attack."

And the Secretary, with animation, added:

"We have a vessel of war (the Brooklyn) held in readiness at Norfolk, and he would then send three hundred men in her from Fort Monroe to Charleston."

To which I replied, first, that so many men could not be withdrawn from that garrison, but could be taken from New York. Next, that it would then be too late, as the South Carolina Commissioners would then have the game in their hands, by first using and then cutting the wires; that as there was not a soldier in Fort Sumter, any handful of armed secessionists might seize and occupy it, etc.

Here the remark may be permitted, that if the Secretary's three hundred men had then, or some time later, been sent to Forts Moultrie and Sumter, both would now have been in the possession of the United States, and not a battery below them could have been erected by the secessionists; consequently the access to those forts from the sea would now (the end of March) be unobstructed and free.*

The same day, December 15, I wrote the following note:

"Lieut.-Gen. Scott begs the President to pardon him for supplying, in this note, what he omitted to say this morning at the interview with which he was honored by the President.

"Long prior to the force bill (March 2, 1833), prior to the issue of his proclamation, and in part prior to the passage of the ordinance of nullification, President Jackson, under the act of March 3, 1807, 'authorizing the employment of the land and naval forces,' caused reinforcements to be sent to Fort Moultrie, and a sloop-of-war, the Natchez, with two revenue cutters, to be sent to Charleston harbor, in order 1, to prevent the seizure of that fort by the nullifiers, and 2, to enforce the execution of the revenue laws. Gen. Scott himself arrived at Charleston the day after the passage of the ordinance of nullification, and many of the additional companies were then en route for the same destination.

"President Jackson familiarly said at the time, 'that by the assemblage of those forces, for lawful purposes, he was not making war upon South Carolina; but that if South Carolina attacked them, it would be South Carolina that made war upon the United States.'

"Gen. S., who received his first instructions (oral) from the President, in the temporary absence of the Secretary of War (Gen. Cass), remembers those expressions well.

"*Saturday night*, Dec. 15, 1860."

Dec. 28.—Again, after Major Anderson had gallantly and wisely thrown his handful of men from Fort Moultrie into Fort Sumter—learning that, on the demand of South Carolina, there was great danger he might be ordered by the Secretary back to the less tenable work, or out of the harbor—I wrote this note:

"Lieut.-Gen. Scott (who has had a bad night, and can scarcely hold up his head this morning) begs to express the hope to the Secretary of War: 1. That orders may not be given for the evacuation of Fort Sumter. 2. That 150 recruits may instantly be sent from Governor's Island, to reinforce that garrison, with ample supplies of ammunition and subsistence, including fresh vegetables, as potatoes, onions, turnips; and, 3. That one or two armed vessels be sent to support the said fort.

"Lieut.-Gen. S. avails himself of this opportunity also to express the hope that the recommendations heretofore made by him to the Secretary of War, respecting Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Morgan and Pulaski, and particularly in respect to Forts Pickens and McRae and the Pensacola Navy Yard, in connection with the last two named works, may be reconsidered by the Secretary.

"Lieut.-Gen. S. will further ask the attention of the Secretary to Forts Jefferson and Taylor, which are wholly *national*—being of far greater value to the most distant points of the Atlantic coast and the people on the upper waters of the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers than to the State of Florida. There is only a feeble company at Key West for the defence of Fort Taylor, and not a soldier in Fort Jefferson to resist a handful of filibusters or a row-boat of pirates; and the Gulf, soon after the beginning of secession or revolutionary troubles in the adjacent States, will swarm with such nuisances."†

Dec. 30.—I addressed the President again as follows:

"Lieut.-Gen. Scott begs the President of the United States to pardon the irregularity of this communication. It is Sunday, the weather is bad, and Gen. S. is not well enough to go to church.

"But matters of the highest national importance seem to forbid a moment's delay, and, if misled by zeal, he hopes for the President's forgiveness.

"Will the President permit Gen. S., without reference to the War Department, and otherwise as secretly as possible, to send 250 recruits from New York harbor to reinforce Fort Sumter, together with some extra muskets or rifles, ammunition and subsistence?

"It is hoped that a sloop-of-war and cutter may be ordered for the same purpose as early as to-morrow.

"Gen. S. will wait upon the President at any moment he may be called for."

The South Carolina Commissioners had already been many days in Washington, and no movement of defense (on the part of the United States) was permitted.

I will here close my notice of Fort Sumter by quoting from some of my previous reports.

It would have been easy to reënforce this fort down to about the 12th of February. In this long delay Fort Moultrie had been rearmed and greatly strengthened in every way by the rebels. Many powerful new land batteries (beside a formidable raft) had been constructed. Hulks, too, have been sunk in the principal channel so as to render access to Fort Sumter from the sea impracticable without first carrying all the lower batteries of the secessionists. The difficulty of reënforcing has thus been increased ten or twelve fold. First, the late President refused to allow any attempt to be made because he was holding negotiations with the South Carolina Commissioners.

Afterward Secretary Holt and myself endeavored, in vain, to obtain a ship of war for the purpose, and were finally obliged to employ the passenger-steamer "Star of the West." That vessel, but for the hesitation of the master, might, as is generally believed, have delivered at the fort the men and subsistence on board. This attempt at succor failing, I next, verbally, submitted to the late Cabinet either that succor be sent by ships of war, fighting their way by the batteries (increasing in strength daily), or that Major Anderson should be left to ameliorate his condition by the muzzles of his guns—that is, enforcing supplies by bombardment, and by *bringing to* merchant vessels, helping himself (giving orders for payment), or, finally, be allowed to evacuate the fort, which, in that case, would be inevitable.

But, before any resolution was taken, the late Secretary of the Navy making difficulties about the want of suitable war-vessels, another Commissioner from South Carolina arrived, causing further delay. When this had passed away, Secretaries Holt and Toucey, Capt. Ward of the navy, and myself—with the knowledge of the President (Buchanan)—settled upon the employment, under the Captain (who was eager for the expedition), of three or four small steamers belonging to the Coast Survey. At that time (late in January) I have but little doubt Capt. Ward would have reached Fort Sumter, with all his vessels. But he was kept back by something like a truce or armistice [made here], embracing Charleston and Pensacola harbors, agreed upon between the late President and certain principal seceders of South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, etc., and this truce lasted to the end of that Administration.

That plan and all others, without a squadron of war ships and a considerable army—competent to take and hold the many formidable batteries below Fort Sumter, and before the exhaustion of his subsistence—having been pronounced, from the change of circumstances, impracticable by Maj. Anderson, Capt. Foster (Chief Engineer) and all the other officers of the fort, as well as by Brig.-Gen. Totten, Chief of the Corps of Engineers; and, concurring in that opinion, I did not hesitate to advise (March 12) that Maj. Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort, so long gallantly held by him and his companions, immediately on procuring suitable transportation to take them to New York. His relative weakness had steadily increased in the last eighteen days.

It was not till January 3 (when the *first* Commissioners from South Carolina withdrew) that the permission I had solicited October 31 was obtained to admonish commanders of the few Southern forts with garrisons to be on the alert against surprises and sudden assaults. (Maj. Anderson was not among the admonished, being already straitly beleaguered.)

January 3.—To Lieut. Slemmer, commanding in Pensacola Harbor:

"The General-in-Chief directs that you take measures to do the utmost in your power to prevent the seizure of either of the forts in Pensacola Harbor, by surprise or assault, consulting first with the Commander of the navy-yard, who will probably have received instructions to coöperate with you." (This order was signed by Aid-de-Camp Lay.)

It was just before the surrender of the Pensacola Navy Yard (January 12) that Lieut. Slemmer, calling upon Com. Armstrong, obtained the aid of some 30 common seamen or laborers (but no marines), which, added to his 46 soldiers, made up his numbers to 76 men, with whom this meritorious officer has since held Fort Pickens, and performed, working night and day, an immense amount of labor in mounting guns, keeping up a strong guard, etc., etc.

Early in January I renewed, as has been seen, my solicitations to be allowed to reënforce Fort Pickens, but a good deal of time was lost in vacillations. First, the President "thought if no movement is made by the United States, Fort McRae will probably not be occupied nor Fort Pickens attacked. In case of movements by the United States, which will doubtless be made known by the wires, there will be corresponding local movements, and the attempt to reënforce will be useless." (Quotation from a note made by Aid-de-Camp Lay, about January 12, of the President's reply to a message from me.) Next, it was doubted whether it would be safe to send reinforcements in an unarmed steamer, and the want, as usual, of a suitable naval vessel—the Brooklyn being long held in reserve at Norfolk for some purpose unknown to me. Finally, after I had kept a body of 300 recruits in New York Harbor ready for some time—and they would have been sufficient to reënforce temporarily Fort Pickens and to occupy Fort McRae also—the President, about January 18, permitted that the sloop-of-war Brooklyn should take a single company, 90 men, from Fort Monroe, Hampton Roads, and reënforce Lieut. Slemmer in Fort Pickens, but without a surplus man for the neighboring fort, McRae.

The Brooklyn, with Capt. Vodges's company alone, left the Chesapeake for Fort Pickens about January 22, and, on the 29th, President Buchanan, having entered into a *quasi* armistice with certain leading seceders at Pensacola and elsewhere, caused Secretaries Holt and Toucey to instruct, in a joint note, the commanders of the war vessels off Pensacola, and Lieut. Slemmer, commanding Fort Pickens, to commit no act of hostility and not to land Capt. Vodges's company unless that fort should be attacked.‡

[That joint note I never saw until March 25, but supposed the armistice was consequent upon the meeting of the Peace Convention at Washington, and was understood to terminate with it.]

Hearing, however, of the most active preparations for hostilities on the part of the seceders at Pensacola, by the erection of new batteries and arming Fort McRae—that had not a gun mounted when it was seized—during the Peace Convention and since, I brought the subject to the notice of the new Administration, when this note, dated March 12, to Capt. Vodges was agreed upon, viz: "At the first favorable moment you will land with your company, reënforce Fort Pickens, and hold the same till further orders." This order, in duplicate, left New York by two naval vessels about the middle of March, as the mails and the wires could not be trusted, and detached officers could not be substituted, for two had already been arrested and paroled by the authorities of Pensacola, dispatches taken from one of them, and a third, to escape like treatment, forced to turn back when near that city. Thus those authorities have not ceased to make war upon the United States since the capture by them of the Navy Yard, Jan. 12.

Respectfully submitted. WINFIELD SCOTT.
Headquarters of the Army, Washington, March 30, 1861.

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* The plan invented by Gen. Scott to stop secession was, like all campaigns devised by him, very able in its details, and nearly certain of general success. The Southern States are full of arsenals and forts, commanding their rivers and strategic points. Gen. Scott desired to transfer the army of the United States to these forts as speedily and as quietly as possible. The Southern States could not cut off communication between the government and the Fortresses without a great fleet, which they cannot build for years, or take them by land without 100,000 men, and many hundred millions of dollars, several campaigns, and many a bloody siege. Had Scott been able to have got these forts in the condition he desired them to be, the Southern Confederacy would not now exist."—[Part of the eulogy pronounced on Secretary Floyd (who defeated Scott's plans) by the Richmond *Examiner*, on Floyd's reception at that city.]

† It was not till January 4 that, by the aid of Secretary Holt (a strong and loyal man), I obtained permission to send succor to the feeble garrison of Fort Taylor, Key West, and at the same time a company—Major Arnold's, from Boston—to occupy Fort Jefferson, Tortugas Island. If this company had been three days later, the Fort would have been preoccupied by Floridians. It is known that the rebels had their eyes upon those powerful forts, which govern the commerce of the Mexican Gulf, as Gibraltar and Malta govern that of the Mediterranean. With Forts Jefferson and Taylor, the rebels might have purchased an early European recognition.

‡ It was known at the Navy Department that the Brooklyn, with Capt. Vodges on board, would be obliged in open sea to stand off and on Fort Pickens, and in rough weather might sometimes lie fifty miles off. Indeed, if ten miles at sea, the fort might have been attacked and easily carried before the reënforcement could have reached the beach in open sea, where alone it could land.

A GOOD WORD OF THE DEAD.—The following obituary is a tribute due to the memory of one who, from early life, was true to Freedom. When a youth, he became an active and useful member of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, which, at that time, was of great service to the cause. In after life, as a worker in the Liberty and Free Soil parties, and more recently as a radical Republican, his watchword was, "Freedom to all"; and he embraced every opportunity that offered of striking a blow at slavery and in favor of the Rights of Man.

Died, in Philadelphia, on Monday, Oct. 6th, of wounds received at the battle of Antietam, EDWARD H. COOMBS, Company F, Twenty-eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Brief record of the close of one of the truest, bravest, manliest lives that have been offered up in this great contest. Suffering preëminently, even where suffering seemed the lot of all, yet suffering uncomplainingly—mortally wounded at 4 o'clock on the morning of that terrible day, after fighting so well and bravely to draw forth the cheers and inspire the hearts of his comrades—left on the field unnoticed and uncared-for till the evening—placed under a rude shed to drag out four weary days of agony without alleviation—he was at last found by a young friend, whose love had overcome all obstacles, and had reached his side to carry him back to the hearts that longed and waited for him at home.

Taken to Hagerstown, twelve miles across the country, on a stretcher, when every step was a pang, yet the loving heart, which seldom spoke save in kindness, cheered on his friends and helped his helpers. How can we tell of the weary journey to Harrisburg, of the utterly failing strength there; of the friends, some of the truest he had in life, who reached his side and brought him home; of that long night's ride to Philadelphia, when heart and flesh almost gave way: of the days of agony that followed, soothed by every care that loving hearts could prompt and loving hands could execute; of the close of all, it needs not to be told; it is but part of the story written in tears and sealed in blood, which desolated households all through the land and are reading with dimmed vision and breaking hearts. No words could justly tell the story of this man's life, or fitly praise him. Refined in feeling, cultivated in taste, noble in thought, so pure and true in life that a little child might read the record without shrinking—so brave in defence of the right—so loving to all.

It was in no light spirit of jest or carelessness that this man went to the war; nor yet as some, because he loved fighting; his whole soul recoiled from the anguish and ruin, the guilt and misery of war; nor yet for the higher, yet not the highest idea, to die for the Union simply. Through the smoke and flame of the battle, he saw four million of men and women, holding up manacled hands to God, praying for deliverance, and he went down to strike one blow, strong as his hand could make it, for their help—then died. And we, looking down on his dead face, to-day, through dimming tears, can yet say—"Thank God, thank God," he died a martyr for liberty. How many will miss him, not only at home, but in the field. That it can be said of him as of few others, that he lived in camp as he lived at home; the men gathered about him, night after night, to listen to the noble thoughts he would read, or the noble thoughts that came, warm and fresh, from his heart. He carried his simple, manly life into the camp, and served, indeed, as a light shining in many a dark place.

"Farewell, brother, oh pure soul, great heart, manly spirit, a last farewell;
And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness no more seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness the statue of his life."

Summary.

Gen. Miramon (ex-President of Mexico) and family, and Gen. Cobos of Mexico, are in Montreal.

EMANCIPATION IN ST. AUGUSTINE.—A New Hampshire volunteer writes home from St. Augustine, Florida, to *The Independent Democrat* that there are now but 500 negroes in that ancient city—generally superior specimens of their race.

THE RUMORED PEACE PROPOSITIONS.—All the rumors current for the last ten days relative to peace propositions, said to have been made by a rebel General in the field to our government, turn out to have had their origin in a very clumsy forgery which never for a moment received the slightest credence at the White House. The report that such a document existed and contained overtures of commercial advantage was sufficient to set all the goldmongers busy writing and telegraphing this intelligence to their confidential friends in Wall street and in the Seymour circles of politics.

MR. SUMNER'S ORATION.—Mr. Sumner stood, on Monday last, in Faneuil Hall, face to face with his constituents—the centre of a conflict between the forces of civilization and liberty on the one hand, and of the fiendish [illegible] spawned by barbarism and despotism on the other. The serpent was there, but whenever it raised its crest all could see that its scales were dead, its fangs gone, its hiss a gasp. The great truths uttered by the speaker; the noble freedom with which he spake, carried all hearts with him. We have heard Charles Sumner in Faneuil Hall when his voice had a tone of pain and of pleading; for then the cause was an infant. On Monday his tone was triumphant like the close of the heroic symphony; for his cause is victorious. Mark it, oppressors! Whatever becomes of Charles Sumner his cause is victorious; it already reigns in the Capitol!—*The Commonwealth.*

INTERVIEW OF THE PRESIDENT WITH CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.—A correspondent of one of the daily papers makes the following mention of an interesting incident connected with the President's late visit to the army in Maryland:

"After leaving Gen. Richardson, the party passed a house in which was a large number of Confederate wounded. By request of the President, the party alighted and entered the building. Mr. Lincoln, after looking, remarked to the wounded Confederates that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. He said the solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war, and it followed that many were our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, and he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with sympathy and good feeling. After a short silence the Confederates came forward, and each silently but fervently shook the hand of the President. Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan then walked forward by the side of those who were wounded too severely to be able to arise, and bid them be of good cheer; assuring them that every possible care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their condition. It was a moving scene, and there was not a dry eye in the building, either among the Nationals or Confederates. Both the President and Gen. McClellan were kind in their remarks and treatment of the rebel sufferers during this remarkable interview."

A BOY HUNG IN SPORT—TERRIBLE OCCURRENCE.—An occurrence attended with fatal results took place in the First Ward of this city on Tuesday morning last, about 10 o'clock. The circumstances are as follows: Charles H. Alburger, aged 14 years, a son of Adam Alburger, residing in Second street, below Moore, was in a slaughter-house attached to his father's residence, in company with several boys about his own age. They were engaged in playing "John Brown," i. e., going through the form of hanging, etc., using a dog belonging to Mr. Alburger as the victim. While engaged in this amusement, some of the boys playfully placed the strap, used as a rope, around the neck of young Alburger, and proceeded to draw him from the ground by means of a crank used to hang meat. By some unfortunate chance the strap tightened around his neck, while his feet did not touch the ground, and he was hung in earnest. His companions, becoming frightened, did not attempt to take or cut him down, but called for the inmates of the house. Some of the women made their appearance, who cried for help, and brought a passer-by to the assistance of the unfortunate youth. He was cut down after having hung for two minutes. All possible measures were at once taken for his recovery. Five physicians were in attendance, but their united exertions failed to restore him. After suffering much agony, he expired at 2 o'clock on Wednesday. The funeral takes place this afternoon at 3 o'clock.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.—Later returns modify favorably the first reports of the October State elections. This is in accordance with the usual rule that the winning party gets the first news and gets it a little better than more sober advices will warrant. It is now certain that the Union war party has carried a majority of the Representatives in Congress from Pennsylvania—our Harrisburg dispatch says fifteen to nine, but in the fifteen we presume is included Joseph Baily in the Cumberland district, who, though elected by the Union vote, is not ranked by us in this column. There was no regular nomination in this district, but the "People's party" selected the more acceptable of the two Democratic [illegible] candidates and elected him. Putting him in the Democratic column, as we put Messrs. Tracy and Hale in the opposite, it makes the delegation stand 14 on the right side to 10 on the wrong.

The State ticket and Legislature are yet in doubt. The Senate is certainly right.

In OHIO, the Democratic State Ticket is elected, and 14 of the 19 Representatives in Congress are claimed on the same side. We lose three or four by a very few votes, and one other, it is believed, by fraud. The Legislature chosen last year (Union) holds over, and will elect a U. S. Senator for six years, not, we hope, in place of Benj. F. Wade, but Wade himself.

In INDIANA, the vote on the State Ticket is close, but we think the wrong side has it; the Representatives in Congress appear to stand 6 Union Republican to 5 Democrat, though the vote in two districts (Colfax's and Mitchell's) is close, and we may have lost one of them, but probably have not. The Senate is Republican, the House Democratic.

In IOWA, the six Representatives in Congress are all Republicans—a gain of four (additional members under the new census). Hiram Price beats Dennis Mahoney (now in Fort Lafayette) by 4,000 majority. The majority of the Republican State Ticket is reported at 10,000. The soldiers from Iowa in the Union armies are to vote, which will add largely to this majority.

—Such are the general results of the October elections. The rebel chiefs will of course be encouraged by them. Have they not a right to be? The party that gave its every vote to re-elect Vallandigham, and which has renominated Ben. Wood, has made apparent gains; the rebels have repeatedly said that these two were all right, but had no party behind them; does it not look as though they had? We confess that it seems so to us. The Democratic masses do not, we trust, mean to encourage the rebels; but the leaders *do*, and it is their purpose that tells.

That there has been no real gain to the side that includes all the most sympathizers with the rebellion, we know; the apparent gain has been caused by the enormous disproportion of Republicans and Union War Democrats who have volunteered and gone to the war. The Pennsylvania army vote last year showed this; so did the Illinois army vote last spring; but the disproportion of Republicans who have volunteered under the late heavy calls is immensely larger than before. We shall give thirty thousand less majority to Gen. Wadsworth in this State than we would if no man had gone from it to the war since July. But we must make up by energy and industry a part of this heavy loss.

There is nothing new in this effect of the war. In the War of 1812, several States were carried repeatedly by the Federalists because of the preponderance of Republicans who had volunteered for the war. The loss was, however, but momentary, and the States came back to their old faith with a stronger emphasis on the return of their gallant sons. So will it be in this case. Nobody could expect that the disciples of Vallandigham, Cox, [illegible], Voorhees, etc., would volunteer in equal numbers with the Republican constituents of Bingham, Gurley, Grow, Stevens, Colfax, etc. Mr. Colfax alone loses over *three thousand* majority by the volunteering from his district; and so it is with others of like faith. But let our Generals allow their soldiers a fair chance to crush out the rebels in arms against the government, and it will be light work thereafter to deal with their virtual allies in the free States.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP
IN THE FIELD.
STONEWALL JACKSON NABS IT, AND SIGHS FOR MORE.

NORTH SIDE OF THE POTOMAC,
Near Harper's Ferry.

MR. JAMES PYLE—*Sir:* Among the stores recently captured from your Yankee brethren there was a box of your O. K. Soap, which served a good purpose in our camp. Complimentary to the merit of the article, I will here remark that if you are as much of an Abolitionist as your soap I should not expect much quarter at your hands, for not only does it annihilate all kinds of dirt and filth (of which there is not a little down here), but even the dear old blue backs skedaddle at the sight of it. Our cavalry men have also discovered that it is an effectual remedy for the scratches.

Distasteful, however, as our cause may be to you, I nevertheless beg in humility's name that if ever this reaches you you will continue to send a few boxes occasionally into the Old Dominion, or leave them at some specified point this side of the Delaware, from which I will give them a safe and speedy escort. I am, with distinction, yours in haste,
STONEWALL.

P. S.—Since writing the above it has become expedient for me to retire to the other side of the Potomac, therefore you will please consider the position and send a good pile of the O. K. to Chambersburg, or to some division in McClellan's army, Hooker's excepted, and I will endeavor to steal a march upon it. Yours, etc.
STONEWALL.

Every one who tries PYLE'S O. K. SOAP likes it. The Agricultural Societies of New York, New Jersey, and Queens County, L. I., at their recent exhibitions awarded the highest Premium Silver Medal.
GROCERS GENERALLY SELL IT.
JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
350 Washington street,
Corner Franklin.
☞ Sold also at 125 and 352 Sixth Avenue, New York, 100 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and 45 Newark Avenue, Jersey City.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.*

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, while dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith their pealing chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill,
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Should be her answering chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Rung out Tintagel chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells.
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale,
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time,"
Sad grew the boding chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The Mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime,
"Grace, mercy, kindness past—
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind, billows past,
Come to thy God at last."

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* Bottreaux is the old name for Boscastle. The church at Boscastle, in Cornwall, has no bells, while the neighboring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six; it is said that a peal of bells for Boscastle was once cast at a foundery on the Continent, and that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church tower.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

Those who have kept up with the tide of passing events during the last six months, will perhaps remember that some time in the Spring it was stated in the public journals that the government of Denmark had addressed the Cabinet at Washington officially, making them the offer of an asylum on their West India Isles for certain contrabands escaping from the secession tyrants of the South; that they would require them to give three years' apprenticeship under their "Provisional Government," and after that they should enjoy unconditional liberty. If the United States should consent to this, then the Danish government would transport them at its own expense from the Southern coast to the Danish Isles.

After a few days a paragraph followed in the same round (in the public prints), asserting that the government at Washington *had* accepted the proposal.

But how many of the millions of readers of thousands of dailies, weeklies and monthlies that bestrew this country like autumn leaves, ever paused for one moment to inquire, "What does that mean?" How many ever knew where the Danish Isles were, or how many in number, or to what kind of climate or country they were consenting to expatriate native-born American citizens?

I would like to provoke inquiry upon this subject and will endeavor, by a short sketch of the islands, their status twenty years since, and their condition now, to do so.

The islands of the Caribbean sea belonging to Denmark are St. John's, St. Thomas and St. Croix. St. John's is a very small island, lying a few miles distant from the others, and was once (and would be now, if cultivated) famous for producing the best coffee in the Western world. St. Thomas has a remarkable harbor. The island is not ten miles long, and less than eight in breadth. But on its Southern coast is a bay almost surrounded with hills, or mountains, as they are there called, which wash their feet in the clear waters, and lift their heads into the clouds fifteen hundred feet above. The city of St. Thomas is builded upon three spurs of these mountains, which form an amphitheatre around the harbor, the entrance to which from the ocean is not over sixty yards wide. Ships of all nations lie at anchor in this beautiful bay, and an immense trade in merchandise is carried on from the town—the ships bringing all needed fabrics for the long chain of islands to this port, and from thence they are taken in smaller boats or packets from St. Thomas even to Curaçoa.

Forty miles due south from this port, four hours' sail with a pleasant breeze, and forty miles east of Porto Rico, lies the far-famed isle of St. Croix, or, as we knew it long ago, Santa Cruz (who has not heard of Santa Cruz rum?). This island is twenty-four miles long, and from three to nine in breadth, far less in territory that the smallest County in New York; and yet it has a history of intense and thrilling interest, reaching back to the days of the grand old discoverer of worlds, who, according to Washington Irving, found even its women more than a match for his gallant cavaliers. But I do not propose to write its history, nor to tell what a rich bone of contention this "gem of the sea," as it is now christened, was among the quarrelling nations of Europe during the XVth, XVIth and XVIIth centuries.

Nor have I time to say ought of the weird stories, which tradition has handed down, of the fearful deeds of daring of old Blackbeard and Bluebeard, the two terrors of the days of the buccaneers of the XVth century, whose great stone castles are still pointed out as crowning the mountain peaks of St. Thomas.

One fact of these islands is potent to all readers and thinkers, that almost from their discovery by people who called themselves civilized, christianized, they have been given over to African slavery. Twenty years ago, to say the people now, the island of St. Croix had a population of from 26,000 to 30,000 slaves, and 6,000 free white people. The land was divided into 226 estates, the largest comprising 250 acres, the smallest but six. All of these estates, except a very few on the steeps of the mountains, were cultivated in cane, for making sugar and rum.

The immense preponderance of the servile population rendered the utmost rigor in the management of slaves necessary; and to this day the people give the most horrible accounts of cruelties practiced upon the poor blacks. By and by, when we shall copy the laws of these isles, dear reader, you will judge for yourself whether these tales are likely to be true or false.

There are good hearts everywhere: and even here, in this almost den of demons, were found men that feared God and loved mercy. I cannot pause now to tell of the long-suffering, patient endurance, and unfaltering faith of the Moravian ministers, who, for thirty years, strove to win their way among the planters and their people, and to teach them the Protestant faith. It is a touching sight to look upon their graves, some thirty in number, lying in a green, shady glen of the mountain, near the city of St. Thomas, each with a low marble block at the head, and the name of the sleeper chiseled thereon, while the great palms wave their never-fading green above, and the sea-breeze sings their requiem amid the drooping branches.

At last their labors of love were crowned with success. The court of Denmark was moved. Christiana, the wife of Christian, the King of Denmark, grew to have serious doubts as to the divine origin of an institution that cut off men's limbs, gave 99 lashes on the bare back, pinched them with red-hot irons, and hung or put them to torturing deaths, for loving liberty better than slavery. The Quakers of England, too, moved their Queen on the subject, and so it fell out that Denmark, in 1847, issued a decree that all the slaves, born after that date upon the island, belonging to her crown, should be FREE, and that all persons held as slaves at that time should have freedom in twelve years.

President Lincoln's proclamation to take effect on the 1st of January, 1863, will not more exasperate the slaveholder of South Carolina or old Kentucky than did this edict of King Christian of Denmark the besotted slaveholders of the Danish Isles.

They swore resistance. But what could six thousand men, women and children do against Denmark? They finally agreed to keep quiet. "They would not even tell the slaves of the good time coming, lest they should grow discontented, and desire to throw off their chains before their time—the strange, ungrateful wretches, who were taken care of, housed, and fed all the year round, and no compensation asked of but to work eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, under the lash." True, there might have been found those who had an easier time of it than free factory girls at the North, who flourished in silk and broadcloth, wore gold chains, and grew fat and lazy on one peck of corn and two pounds of herring a week. But if the representation of the people is to be believed, of the young men and old men, of ministers and maidens, of the present day, their fate was so terrible that the average life of a slave man or woman, after being put into the cane-field, was not over eight years.

A Catholic priest, one day during the summer of '47, told the slaves in a sermon, "that they were all to be free in twelve years, and that they must begin to prepare for liberty," etc.

Like wildfire the news ran over the island, till all had heard the story. Oh! it was touching to hear the men and women report the tale in 1859, eleven years after.

"The poor souls" (said the wife of a planter who told me the story)—"the poor souls did not know how to count time, they were so ignorant and degraded. They rushed home when they heard this good news, and into our presence, exclaiming, 'Oh! missa, oh! missus, am we free in twelve years?' and when we told them, 'Yes, it was so,' they asked with eager joy, 'Oh! missus, how long am twelve years, honey?' and when I told them twelve Christmas days—for they only knew how to measure years by their three days' festival at Christmas time—they dropped down their hands, and wailed out in despair, 'Oh! massa, oh! missus, twelve Christmas! Oh! we not lib dat long, honey—we all 'em die—all 'em work dead gone 'fore dat.'"

The good owners encouraged them, and the bad commenced selling them out of the island, or compelling more intensely hard work, and things went on apparently as usual until the second day of July, 1848, when it was found a plot had been concocted for the general uprising of the slaves. That night—Sunday evening at 9 o'clock—when the people were about retiring in the usual security, the whole people were startled into alarm by the kindling of beacon-fires from nearly every prominent part of the island. The estate bells were rung, conch-shells were sounded, and horns blown; signal answered signal, till from mountain-side and valley they came pouring in, and gathering together in groups of thousands, and marching toward the towns of Christiansted on the east and Frederiksted on the west, armed with their machetes, knives for cutting cane, and forks for pitching cane, and singing with wild, delirious joy, "We are free—we are free." "Emancipate, emancipate." They terrified the white inhabitants, as did old John Brown with his gallant *twenty-one* the conscience-stricken tyrants of Virginia.

Believing that the slaves would do as they had been done by, and mete out to them as they had received, in good measure, the poor, panic-stricken whites fled to the ships in the harbor, and almost loaded them to sinking.

It would take too long to follow out the detail of the story as told to me again and again by the people. The historian of that eventful time, Rev. John Knox, who tells the story all on the side of the planters (it is said), has not told it as do the people. I will give his version of the affair in some future article. Now let me

"Tell the tale as 'twas told to me,"

by an old lady who had lost all her slaves; by a young lady whose father had been ruined; by a slave woman, almost white, who had there gained her freedom; by the commandant of the fort at Christiansted; and by Rev. Mr. Dubois, the Episcopal minister of Frederiksted. "In the mouths of many witnesses all things shall be established," and these persons, in different parts of the island, did not disagree in one material point in their recital of the insurrection.

The slaves marched up and down, singing their songs, but doing no one any serious damage. They threatened a cruel Justice of the Peace, broke his table, upon which he wrote the orders for their punishments, threw his inkstand out of the window, and, as a last desperate act, rushed to the whipping-post and tore it up, and cast it into the sea.

On a few estates deserted by masters and mistresses, they broke into the wine-cellars, and, drinking freely, became conditioned like unto many young men we have known in recent days, mirthful and mischievous, and despoiled the furniture, and then poured out all the good old rum they could lay their hands on; for, said they, "rum puts the debil into old man, so we spill him on the groun', and him can't get him any mo'."

In the meantime, a small vessel had been dispatched to Porto Rico for a body of Spanish soldiers, with their cannon, who had arrived, and only waited the order of Gov. Von Schollen to fire upon the unarmed masses, and commence a fearful work of slaughter.

But Von Schollen, who was evidently moved by a principle of justice and humanity, as well as political policy, restored peace and subordination by riding into the crowd of thousands at the east end of the island, and writing a proclamation of emancipation, immediate and unconditional, to all the Danish West India Islands. He then sent his herald to the west end; but the multitude would receive this "good news of great joy" from no one but the Governor himself. So he mounted his carriage and drove post haste to Frederiksted, and again wrote his proclamation of emancipation. And from that hour no slave's foot has trod the soil of the beautiful isles.

Was there not enacted the horrors of St. Domingo (using a cant phrase) here and there? Did these emancipated slaves murder their masters, ravage the wives, and torture the children? Not one white person was slain, and one only wounded. John Bordo, "the man for the hour," who had laid this plan of insurrection so shrewdly, surely and secretly, that no suspicion was entertained of it till the moment of its denouement, said to one of his aids, who had been struck by an overseer, and who had drawn his knife and cut the hand of his savage tyrant slightly, "Put up your sword; we want liberty; we don't want blood. Let them grant that, and we ask no more." This man escaped from the island with the Governor. The latter went to Copenhagen and gave himself up to his king, was tried for treason, and acquitted.

Bordo and two others (this I had from private friends) came to New York city, where they lived and died in obscurity, and passed away from among men, unhonored and unknown. That which would have made a hero in Italy or Hungary, made only an outcast in the land of the tyrant and the home of the slave. But what shall I say of the result? Eleven years after, there was peace and quiet in all the land. There were no patrols at the corners, no whipping-posts in the public squares. Doors were hardly locked at night, and pistols and poignards no longer slept under the pillow that supported the head of wife and husband or maiden at night.

Nine public school-houses, large, airy, and well kept, were doing their work. Churches were filled with willing and devout worshippers. "The rural population"—once the unpaid slaves—had a bank in which, even from their small wages, they have deposited their thousands. They had their moral reform societies, social societies, friendly societies, all of which were working as well as could be expected. Sixty steam-engines were sending up their incense of labor to heaven, and doing the work of human hands.

"But," cries out Mr. Gripe, "does the island export as much sugar and rum as it did in 1846?" No; but the people eat more at home, till more acres in corn and yams, and import two dollars to one.

"Ah!" exclaims Mr. Aristocrat, "do the planters go to church Sundays now, driven in six-horse coaches, mounted with silver and gold and precious stones, with six attendant slaves in livery, as they once did?" Oh! no, my good friend; but the slave that toiled under the whip on the Sabbath day, that his master and mistress might thus ride, now, in a clean and comfortable suit, goes to meeting with his wife and little ones in his *own* "Emancipation cart," and praises God as a free man. The fact is, good friends, one and all, the sum of human good is not found in any given quantity of sugar and rum; and though it be a fact not to be denied, that the 6,000 white folks have grown poorer since they have had to pay a first-class laborer 17 cents a day, it is equally a truth that the 26,000 have grown richer. The majority has come up a little—the minority gone down a little. That's all; because the white man does not know how to take care of himself; the black does.—*Mrs. Frances D. Gage.*

An Anecdote of Pope.—One day, as Pope was engaged in translating the "Iliad," he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger who stood by, in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them. "Try it, try it!" said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper. "There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text. "Read as if there was no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once." Pope's assistant improved upon this hint, and rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was chagrined; he could never endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger, he said, in a sarcastic tone, "Will you please tell me what an interrogation is?" "Why, sir," said the stranger, scanning the ill-shaped poet, "it is a little crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions!"

PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

The old saw goes that "an Irishman is privileged to speak twice," and so correct his blunders. The privilege was never more amusingly exercised than in these ingeniously spun verses:

PATRICK'S LOQUITUR.

Oh for some deep, secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar's line may cease;
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd fly the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot!

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er;
I love a shiver with a roar—
No—I mean a river with a shore!

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land,
How sweet with one you love the most
To watch the cocks upon the roast—
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no—I mean a gipsy tent!

In that retirement lone I would
Pursue some gentle industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow;
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
No—I mean sitting by a bough!

Oh, sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close
Whilst she's hard biting at your nose—
No—I mean hard knitting at your hose!

Perhaps on early cates you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!

She smiles you into jest at last,
As pleased to see the spell is broke,
And draw from you a grizzle moke—
No, no—I mean a mental joke!

Ah! how you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn;
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No, no—I mean her scarf of lawn!

MR. SPURGEON ON GEORGE FOX.

Last night, the 19th ult., Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address, in the lecture-room attached to his Tabernacle, on "The Life and Opinions, Saying and Doings of George Fox." He regretted that his numerous avocations prevented him from making the preparations which so interesting a subject demanded, but should he make mistakes, he would not make them wilfully; should he deliver a hasty judgment, it would not affect the honorable and glorious dead, so long departed, because on a future occasion he could rectify his errors. George Fox was amongst the very highest of the men of note who had carved their names on the rock of history. His opinions were still spoken through the Society he had formed; and, besides establishing that Society, he had left a marvellous literature. Many of his contemporaries gave him the foulest and most scandalous character they could invent; but on the other hand his disciples excused all his faults. Even in modern times two different characters have been given of George Fox. His character had been unfavorably described by Lord Macaulay; but Lord Macaulay had been always spiteful towards the Quakers, and when referring to Penn or Fox, he never lost an opportunity of saying something against them. Therefore, they should take Lord Macaulay's remarks for what they were worth, and no more. Carlyle had, as well as Macaulay, given an opinion of George Fox. Shrewd men, both of them, but one would not care much respecting what they said on the subject of religion.

Having read the hostile opinion of Lord Macaulay, the lecturer proceeded to say that it was the easiest thing in the world to write slashing articles about people, and to pick out little pieces of what they had said; any fool could do that, and such conduct was unworthy of Lord Macaulay. He next read the remarks of Carlyle, who, as a shrewd thinker, he said, was not to be excelled, but who had done serious injury to religious faith in the present century. He (Mr. Spurgeon) would now tell them the life of George Fox. He lived in a time when men were in earnest, and some went beyond enthusiasm into fanaticism. Prophets were in every street, and prophetesses were as plentiful as blackberries on bushes; but George Fox was one of the soberest men in that strange time. Some of his professed followers committed actions that disgusted him, and against which he protested; but he could not prevent all who were his followers from doing something that was outrageous. They should not therefore confound George Fox with his associates; they should not lay other men's sins at his door; they should let him stand in his own shoes. George Fox was probably the best judge of what was his duty, and 200 years ago knew better what God required of him than they could know in the present day. If he (Mr. Spurgeon) had as much grace as George Fox, with George Fox's temperament, he might have done the same thing. The marvel was—not that the man was extravagant, but that he was not much more so. Even in early life George Fox had shown the most tender spirit. Plays and games had no charms for him; and, shocked at the conduct of some old men, he once expressed a hope that when he grew old God would prevent him from doing as they did. His parents had not the means of giving him much education, but he had the power to pick up a great number of things. When he said yea, it was ended so; and when he said nay, it was impossible to change him, because he meant "nay." When certain men would swear, and professing Christians would declare upon their honor, or their words, George Fox would only say, "verily," and there was an end of it. George Fox could always deal with other men's hearts, and see them thoroughly, because he had been prepared by temptation for his high and noble mission. One of the first things he perceived was that human learning was not necessary for religious teaching; and was there anything extraordinary in that? No; because no man could pretend to make a minister, for that was God's work. He next said that human profession did not make the Christians, and that was the fact; but for protesting that, George Fox was put in prison.

In other opinions of George Fox, to which the lecturer referred, he expressed his acquiescence, but could not endorse the doctrine that sinless perfection is attainable, because he had never met such a case. He approved generally of the acts of George Fox, but in 1651 George Fox did a thing in Lichfield which he (Mr. Spurgeon) could not justify, because it was a silly thing. He went to a meadow, took off his shoes and stockings, and, leaving them there, entered Lichfield, crying out, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" For so doing he gave the most unreasonable reason—that in the reign of Diocletian there were martyrs, and that he was bound to bear testimony against their martyrdom in the bloody city of Lichfield. Lord Macaulay charged him with indecency because he took off his shoes and stockings, and described him as a madman; but there was no indecency in the act, which merely caused the cooling of his feet and the saving of his shoes. In the course of his career George Fox was imprisoned and beaten black and blue, but they never could kill him. He wrote against the fashions of his day; and he (Mr. Spurgeon) would desire to read what he had written if there was time to do so. He (Mr. Spurgeon) was not going to advert to the ladies' dresses of the present time; but, referring to the dress of the men, he would ask, was there ever anything more absurd and preposterous than the high black hat? After some further remarks on modern costume, Mr. Spurgeon resumed and brought to a close his narrative of the life of George Fox, having been loudly applauded by the numerous audience to whom his remarks were addressed.—*London Morning Star.*

In addition to the foregoing, we have been kindly furnished by a correspondent who was present at the lecture with a few notes respecting

WAR.

The lecturer said he was always glad to see a soldier a Christian, but he was always sorry to see a Christian a soldier; he never could reconcile the idea of a Christian praying, "Forgive us *our trespasses*," and then attempting to thrust a bayonet into a man's body.

DRESS AND PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

He highly admired the neat, becoming dress of the females in the Society of Friends, and thought that the extravagances of dress in professing Christian women was much to be deplored. He once wore a gold chain, but considering that some of his auditors—young men—would be likely to be led astray by his example, he had put it away; and if the young men would make a similar sacrifice, he thought they would feel all the better for it. "Send your gold chains," said he, "to the orphan asylum at Bristol; they will be glad of them."

OATHS.

He emphatically endorsed the views of Friends on this subject, and could not conceive a clearer and more absolute condemnation of them than the Bible exhibited. He would, like some of his audience to refuse an oath and be sent to prison; it would not be for long, he said, and change of air would do them good, alluding probably to a former remark of the deadness of the Churches, and the need for a little stirring up.

SILENT WORSHIP.

He spoke rather of silent pauses in religious services as of an impressive and beneficial character, but did not think he could remain silent for two hours.

NON-SANCTITY OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.

He ridiculed the idea of holiness in bricks and mortar—sanctity in iron pillars, and considered that what he declared was just as good spoken from the lecture-room as from the chapel; as to hats being off or on in a place of worship, he thought an individual should be left to his own freedom in the matter.

Upon the whole, the lecture, though a mere sketch, and delivered with the characteristic freedom of expression and independence of judgment peculiar to the lecturer, evinced respect and admiration for the character of George Fox, and many of the principles he advocated; but as he regarded George Fox's mission to be more of a practical than doctrinal character, he did not touch much upon controversial points of theology.

The lecture opened with a short prayer, and closed with a benediction, the audience keeping their seats.—*British Friend.*

MARRYING ON ROANOKE ISLAND.

I occasionally have a rich time in performing the marriage service here. The contrabands who come in large numbers to the island, soon begin to learn the ways and customs of civilization. Some of them, on inquiring about the institution of marriage, ascertained that they were not properly married; that they were simply joined together at the will and pleasure of their masters, without regard to their will or wish in the matter. While they agree very well, and live very happy, they somehow or other think themselves to have begun wrong, and accordingly make up their minds to begin over again.

HOW JOHN MARRIED JUDY.

One evening, just after prayer-meeting in the contraband chapel was concluded, a woman came to my quarters, in company with a man. The name of the man was John Sykes, and that of the woman Judy Dunton. "Well, what can I do for you?" I asked. John turned to Judy, and Judy turned a shy look towards John, and then they both drew their mouths from ear to ear, showing their fine teeth. I repeated the question, and John replied something as follows:

"Massa, we been tinkin' 'bout gettin' married; so we's come' dis ebenin' to see whether you would marry us; we is willin' to pay a right good price for the job; for it will please us mighty well to be joined togedder from the book; for de way de darkies are brought togedder wha we come from, is not 'cordin' to de right way."

I saw John was evidently expounding a doctrine over which he had been studying for some time. I turned to Judy, who sat by, dressed in rough garments, with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and a piece of blanket round her head. Judy was laughing away as hard as she could. Said I—"Judy, what have you to say on this subject?" Judy put on a sober face, straightened up, and spoke in solemn earnest—"Bless my heart, if I don't link 'zactly as Sykes links on dis 'ere important subjick, and we both been a tinkin' on de matter right smart; an' now, bein' dat we got here, we come to see you dis blessed ebening."

Sure enough they must be married. I went to procure my hand-book containing the formula. While doing this, John and Judy went through some strange evolutions. Judy stripped her head, pressed her hand down over her hair, spit upon her hand, and then smoothed her hair again. She told John to get ready. John looked at himself, fixed his hair, buttoned his coat, tied his shoes, and then straightened up, as if all were ready. I came forward and told them to take their places. They did not understand me, and I told them to stand up. Judy was the first to jump to her feet, and John was not much behind.

After they had stood up, Judy threw her head down and began to grin. John became indignant at Judy, and whispered to her to be respectful, but Judy laughed. I asked John if he would take Judy Dunton, whom he then held by the right hand, to be his lawful and wedded wife, etc., to which he replied, "Wid de help of de Lord, I will." Judy was not so solemn as John was. When I asked her if "she would take John Sykes, whom she held by the right hand, to be her only lawful and wedded husband—whether she would love, honor and obey him," etc., she had not concluded her laugh, but made out to say, "Yes, massa, I'll try." That answer did not suit John, and he objected; so she concluded to say, "I will."

John forgot the fee; so Judy stepped up and asked what was "de charge?" John then came up and said he reckoned it was his business to "tend to dat." John asked how much I would charge. I told him I would charge him a shilling. He laughed and blessed his heart; for he "speeled" it would be more. He reckoned he got her mighty cheap. He had no money, for he had not been paid for his work on "de fort"; but Judy was better off; she had the cash. She put her hand inside the dress and pulled out a portemonnaie. I told her not to mind the pay now, as I intended to give the money back to her as a present. They went off as happy as any two individuals I ever married.—*Chaplain T. W. Conway.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM.

Prince Albert's farm is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles S. W. of the city, occupies one thousand acres, one hundred of which are never plowed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is sub-soiled every two or three years with four enormously large Scotch horses, driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn.

Barley and oats are crushed in a mill driven by steam; eighty short-horn and Alderney cows are kept; cow stalls made of iron; iron troughs always full of water in each stall, with waste-pipe to gutter behind them, and thence to manure-shed, from which it is pumped into carts similar to ours for watering streets, and sprinkled over the grass. Keeps none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs; prefers former on account of their taking on fat; as one of the swine-herds said, "A dale of fat a dale quicker."

The pig-pens are of stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the centre, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep. In the garden I saw peach, apricot and plum trees trained espalier; pineapples, strawberries and grapes, in all stages of growth; the latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous, and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine ones in frames. Her Majesty must certainly fare sumptuously every day. There are forty men to attend to the garden alone.

Mr. Tait, the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace; they would make more comfortable dwellings than two-thirds of the people of London live in. English farriers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be lowest by two inches at least. There are in those stables one hundred and six horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys, and may frequently be seen driving two in hand in Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream-colored horses that draw her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament. Their harness is red morocco, gold mounted, cost $10,000; and the state carriage cost $35,000 ninety years ago.—*Correspondence of Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Vault of the Bank of England.—The Bank of England Directors had a terrible fright, two or three weeks ago—not on account of the loss of their water-marked paper, but from the summary invasion of the bullion-room of the bank. A correspondent of the Birmingham *Post* tells the story thus:

"The Directors received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion-room. They treated the matter as a hoax, and took no notice of the letter. Another more urgent and specific letter failed to rouse them. At length *the writer offered to meet them in the bullion-room at any hour they pleased to name.* They then communicated with their correspondent through the channel he had indicated, appointing some dark and midnight hour for the rendezvous. A deputation from the Board, lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion-room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent. Punctual to the hour, a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor were, without much trouble, displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the midst of the astonished Directors. His story was very simple and straightforward. An old drain ran under the bullion-room, the existence of which had become known to him, and by means of which he might have carried away enormous sums. Inquiry was made. Nothing had been abstracted, and the Directors rewarded the honesty and ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent—a working man, who had been employed in repairing the sewers—by a present of £800.

THOUGHTS.

I.

As at a railway junction, men
Who came together, taking then
One the train up, and down again

Meet never! Ah, much more as they
Who take one street's two sides, and say
Hard parting words, but walk one way;

Though moving other mates between,
While carts and coaches intervene,
Each to the other goes unseen,

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
Knowledge they walk not back to back,
But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,
And common hope their guidance lend
To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,
Or thou go thither, or it be
Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.
Ah, joy! when with the closing street,
Forgivingly at last ye greet!

II.

Put forth thy leaf, thou gentle plane!
East wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on.
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair,—
But thou, O human heart of mine!
Be still, contain thyself and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here;
The leaves that burst; the suns that shine,
Had, not the less, their certain date,—
And thou, O human heart of mine!
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

Matthews's Deceptive Powers.—A true tale is told of Charles Matthews, that, personating an eccentric old gentleman, a family friend, he drank tea with his mother without her finding out the cheat.

——"The Great Vulgar."—Successful poets have a great authority over the language of their country. Cowley's happy expression of "the great vulgar," has become a part of English phraseology.

——Fenelon.—Lord Peterborough, after a visit to Fenelon, said, "He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else; he is a delicious creature! But I was forced to get away from him as fast as I could, else he would have made me pious."

——Oats in Scotland.—Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." "Yes," said he, "and where else will you see *such horses* and *such men*?"

——Mistake on Both Sides.—Voltaire was one day speaking warmly in praise of the physician Haller, in presence of a person who was living in his house. "Ah, sir," said the person, "if M. Haller would speak of your works as you speak of his." "Possibly we are both mistaken," replied Voltaire.

——The Protestant Church.—John Wilkes was once asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute on religion, "Where was your Church before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir." "Then, pray, where was your face before it was washed?"

——Montaigne's Plagiarisms.—Old Montaigne somewhere in his writings informs us of an ingenious plan of his, of transferring whole sentences from ancient authors without acknowledgment, that the critics might blunder, by giving *nazardes* to Seneca and Plutarch, while they imagined they *tweakened* his nose.

——Consequences and Causes.—There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—*Hobbes.*

Southey, quoting this, observes: "Although the chain of consequences be so long, I will venture to say that the chain of causes is longer."

——Ancestry.—"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors," says Sir Thomas Overbury, "is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground." The Duke of Somerset, surnamed the Proud Duke, and of whom it is related that he rode all through Europe, without ever leaning back in his carriage, used to say "That he pitied Adam, because he had no ancestors."

——Faith.—Dr. Mountain, chaplain to Charles II., was asked one day, by that monarch, to whom he should present a certain bishopric just then vacant. "If you had but faith, sire," replied he, "I could tell you who." "How so," said Charles, "if I had but faith?" "Why, yes," said the witty cleric, "your Majesty might say *to this* Mountain, *be thou removed into that See.*" The chaplain succeeded.

——Curious Remark on Vanity.—Franklin says: "Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and, therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his *vanity*, among the other comforts of life."

——Losing Time.—One night when Matthews was going to the theatre at Edinburg, and was almost too late, he took a coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to the theatre. In going up the hill, the horses being tired, the coach made no progress, upon which Matthews remonstrated, saying, that he should be too late, that he should lose his time. The coachman coolly said, "Your honor should reflect that I'm losing time as weel's yersel'."

——Adam Smith.—This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind. And as an anecdote of this peculiarity it is related of him, that having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little more than his night-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance in pursuit of a certain train of ideas, and he was only stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at that time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance in a crowded church, on Scotch Sunday morning, in his night-gown, is left to the imagination of the reader.

——Cannibals.—Charles Lamb writes to his friend Manning to dissuade him from going to China, and endeavors to instil the fear of cannibals into his mind. "Some say the Tartars are cannibals, and then conceive a fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar." This reminds one of the advice Sydney Smith is said to have given to the Bishop of New Zealand previous to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. "And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is, that when your new parishioners *do* eat you, I hope you will disagree with them."

——A Contrast.—Sydney Smith, in remarking upon the folly of a scheme for creating livings of £130 a year, with the expectation of their being filled with good and well-educated preachers, draws with his ready wit the following pictures of a member of the "collection of sacred beggars." "Then a picture is drawn of a clergyman with £130 per annum, who combines all moral, physical and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish, of charming manners and dignified deportment, six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments—and it is asked with an air of triumph, if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured, neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to church, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter; or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters—driving in the High street of Edmonton; among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of ministers of religion have no bearing on religion itself."

Which Way does the Tree Lean?—"If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." (Eccl. xi. 3.) There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls; it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which every one ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this: What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean towards God, or from him?—*J. J. Gurney.*

LIFE EVERYWHERE.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds—to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety—the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty million of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polyps, carps, star-fishes, and with shell animalcules. The rugged space of the rock is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless muscles, barnacles and limpets.

Life everywhere! On the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its checkered shade, we are saluted by the din of numerous insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its blossom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting its development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, under the microscope. The same microscope reveals that the "blood-rain" suddenly appearing on bread, and awaking superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals (*Monas prodigiosa*); and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night owe their color to the marvelous rapidity in production of a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*). The very mold which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or ink, and disfigures our damp wall, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a Summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jewelled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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